

The Outlook

Vol. 74

July 18, 1903

No. 12

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Evansville Mob.....	677
A Victory for Equal Rights.....	678
The Pope's Fight for Life.....	678
President Loubet in England.....	679
The Congo Charges.....	680
Reconstruction in South Africa.....	680
Canadian Railways.....	681
W. E. Henley.....	681
Emigration from Harput.....	682
The Rhodes Scholarships.....	682
The National Educational Association.....	683
The Legal Aid Association.....	684
A Fitting Memorial.....	685
Education in Municipal Government.....	685
Women's Christian Work.....	686
Religious Pedagogy.....	686

EDITORIALS:

Peonage.....	687
Negro Graduates.....	689
The Educational Solution of Religious Problems.....	690
A Viking of To-Day.....	692

Both Debtor and Creditor.....	693
The Spectator.....	693

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Among the Deep-Sea Fishermen.....	695
By W. T. Grenfell	
Love, Let Me Walk With You (Poem)....	701
By H. C. Judson	
Where Is the West?.....	702
By William R. Lighten	
International Police.....	705
By Lucia Ames Mead	
The Forest.—Chapter XVII. On the Catching of a Certain Fish.....	707
By Stewart Edward White	
The Pan-American Railway.....	710
By Charles M. Pepper	
The Heart of the Dream.....	714
By Katharine H. Brown	

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Civic Art (Robinson).....	716
Books of the Week.....	717

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add \$1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1903, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.



There is a right way and a wrong way to wash flannel outing garments. Try this—the right way:

Cut some Ivory Soap into shavings and dissolve; add this to the water and wash quickly by repeatedly immersing in the suds and drawing through the hands. The water for both washing and rinsing should be warm, never hot or cold.

Wring, stretch into shape and hang to dry in a place where there is no exposure to wind, sun, too hot or too cold air. Iron before they are entirely dry.

Shrinking is caused by the interlacing of the wool fibers, that have small, sawlike teeth which catch on each other. In washing, therefore, it is desirable to keep the material well stretched out to prevent the fiber from becoming matted. A washboard should not be used, nor should the soap be rubbed on. Pure soap and an even temperature are essential.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 74

July 18, 1903

No. 12

The Evansville Mob Successful crime incites to crime. Every unpunished mob breeds another mob. The tragedy at Wilmington, Delaware, has been followed by another greater tragedy at Evansville, Indiana. In the latter case a negro shot a policeman who was attempting to arrest him. A mob took possession of the city; raged unchecked for two or three days; stormed the county jail; and was not finally dispersed until eight or ten rioters were killed and at least one innocent spectator—innocent except for the criminal folly of going to the scene of disorder to look on. There are some parallels and some contrasts between the Wilmington and the Evansville mobs. In both cities a tolerated political corruption, which ought to have been intolerable, drew to the city considerable numbers of shiftless, idle, vicious negroes, ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder; in both cases the universal habit, North and South, of segregating the negroes in negro quarters, made these corrupt colonizers the neighbors of honest and industrious negroes and brought public but undeserved disgrace upon them; in both cases the mob was largely made up of the dregs of the white population, the so-called "poor whites," who are the hereditary enemies of the negro. But in Wilmington the mob was organized and was led by reputable men, as it was not in Evansville; in Wilmington a horrible crime and a judicial delay which amounted to a miscarriage of justice, constituted some excuse for the mob; there was no such excuse in Evansville; in Wilmington the authorities, both State and local, were either paralyzed by the mob or sympathized with it and offered it little resistance; in Evansville both the State and the local authorities showed a determination to preserve peace and a courage in preserving it worthy of all praise.

Causes and Cure of Mob Law

Mob law is becoming an epidemic in America. For this there are two causes—a vicious courage and an almost equally vicious cowardice. There is in America, especially in the cities and larger towns, a lawless element, to whom a riot is a lark and a broken head no serious penalty. This element is quite as apt to be native American as foreign, and any occasion will serve which gives it an opportunity for an exhibition of its lawlessness. It is not enough to disperse by vigorous measures a mob so composed, even if the measures involve death to some of the rioters, or even to reckless spectators; when it is dispersed, the men who have instigated it should be arrested, tried, and sentenced by expeditious justice to a term of imprisonment at hard labor, which they would respect more than a broken head. Unfortunately, the application of this remedy is rendered difficult by reason of the fact that the orderly citizens and the officials who represent them take counsel of their fears instead of their courage; temporize with the mob which ought to be dispersed at every hazard; acquiesce in the crime which it commits; and are satisfied to leave its leaders unpunished when the violence has spent itself. The apathy of law-abiding citizens is scarcely less responsible for these ever-recurring outbreaks of violence than the passion of the lawless and the criminal classes. It is said, and probably truly, that the majority of the people in every mob-cursed city are "peaceable, law-abiding, kind-hearted people." But this is not enough. They must be also an aroused and a brave people, who dare to face a mob, not only in the street when they have stones in their hands, but at the polls when they have ballots in their hands.

A Victory for Equal Rights

The lynching of criminal negroes fills a large place in the daily press, and gives to Northern readers an impression that the whole South is pervaded by a passionate prejudice against the negro race. That impression is intensified by the inexcusable and lawless endeavor in some sections of the Black Belt to re-establish slavery under the name of peonage. Meanwhile few readers realize, or, if they do, reflect upon the fact that in all the Southern States the whites are taxing themselves heavily to give their negro fellow-citizens an education as nearly as possible equal to that which they give to their own children; and that they are doing this despite a poverty which puts narrow limits on all education. It is true that there are men in the South who wish to leave the negro race to provide for its own education out of its own meager resources; but their endeavor only emphasizes the fact that they are in a small minority. These facts are illustrated anew by the following telegram which we clip from the New York "Sun":

Atlanta, Ga., July 6.—Advocates of schemes to block negro education by State aid are in a bad minority in the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Georgia. To-day, after a sharp debate, the House, by an overwhelming vote, rejected the resolution introduced by Representative Byron Dower, of Decatur county, calling for a distribution of the State public school funds according to the taxes paid by the races. This would mean the death of negro education in Georgia, as the blacks pay only one-fifteenth of the taxes, while they get nearly half the funds voted to common schools by the State. Several times attempts have been made to pass laws restricting negro suffrage in Georgia, but each time they have met the same fate as the tax division act.

Equal educational rights are far more important to the negro than equal political rights. In its insistence upon securing to the negro the best education practicable, the South is supplying the fundamental remedy, which is education, for the fundamental evil in the negro condition, which is ignorance. For the benefit of the careless reader it may be desirable to add that education means nothing less than the development of the whole man, as ignorance means nothing less than the undevelopment of the whole man.

Thanks to Mr. Low

The country as well as the city of New York owes thanks to Mayor Low for refusing his assent to the hurried passage of a permanent franchise for a tunnel under the North River between Jersey City and New York. It may be that this franchise ought to be granted; that the proposed contract will be mutually advantageous; that the company is prepared to pay the city an adequate price; that the conditions are such—the tunnel being inter-State—as to require a permanent franchise, with provision for readjustment from time to time of the payments to the city; and, finally, that the tunnel is important to the welfare of the city. But it is not enough that this *may* be; there should be such care in deliberation as to make it *sure* that these conditions exist. In this case there was no such deliberation. The great peril to our cities is corruption creeping in secretly in hasty and ill-considered contracts; and it is far more important that all contracts should be so carefully considered as to prevent, not only fraud, but bad bargains to the city, than that any particular contract, however important, should be signed in July rather than in October. Mayor Low, in resisting the urgency of associates whose honesty no one questions, has, under great difficulties, set an example worthy of universal recognition and following.



The Pope's Fight for Life Leo XIII. appeared stronger at the beginning of this week than at any time since the first severe attack, that of Saturday, July 4. On Tuesday morning of last week the Pope's life was generally believed to be very close to its end—indeed there were persistent rumors that death had actually taken place, and dispatches from Rome stated that an official announcement of the fact was hourly expected. The surprising vitality which has excited the wonder of the world was not, however, by any means exhausted. A minor and not very painful operation (the removal by means of a hollow needle of the pleuritic accumulations) gave relief, and later in the week the operation was repeated, again with good effect. Another specialist was called into consultation, although there seemed no evidence that the two

eminent physicians in charge of the case were not doing everything possible. All over the world the most discussed topic of the day was the brave fight for life, and every one, Protestant as well as Catholic, admired the serene, calm, and undisturbed manner in which the Pope faced death, ordered his own affairs, participated in papal and ecclesiastical business so far as permitted, and in an interval of improvement drew his favorite Horace from its shelf and placidly read the "Ars Poetica." The dictum of one of the doctors seemed to express perfectly the only truth as to Leo's condition, "The Pope is ninety-four; he is very ill; all else is smoke." On Monday of this week the opinion was expressed that the Pope might very possibly live at least two weeks, and Dr. Lapponi was quoted as saying, "Yes, the Pope is better; but I beg you not to exaggerate optimism in order to avoid a disillusion later." Nevertheless, preparations continue to be made quietly for the conclave of cardinals which according to ancient custom will meet for the election of a new Pope ten days after Leo's death. Cardinal Gibbons, the only American cardinal, sailed for Havre last week and will go to the south of France, within easy call from Rome. Speculation about the cardinal upon whom the choice of the conclave may fall seems altogether futile; as usual, there are several groups of cardinals, each with a candidate, and there are many interests, political and ecclesiastical, involved. The conditions of the election are such as always to make a compromise more probable than the choice of one of the most prominent faction leaders. There can be hardly any doubt that an Italian will be the next Pope, and this probability is not at all affected by the fact that according to precedent Austria, France, and Spain claim the right each to veto the choice of a particular cardinal.



President Loubet
in England

President Loubet's visit to King Edward, which occupied almost the first half of last week, was by far the most notable of the recent international courtesies which are believed to carry political results. The welcome to the French President was cordial in the highest degree, and his brief speeches in acknowledg-

ment were not only felicitous but diplomatically suggestive. In reply to the address of welcome at the Guildhall luncheon he said: "The presence at my side of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic is a pledge to you of the value which the whole French Government attaches to the development of those happy relations of friendship between our two countries." The development of those happy relations, however, is a matter of negotiation and compromise, and it is more than likely that the long conference between M. Delcassé and the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Lansdowne, was held to facilitate a closer mutual approach of the two countries concerning important questions still unsettled. Of these the chief are the Newfoundland west shore difficulty, and a further delimitation of the possessions and spheres of influence of France and Great Britain in Africa. It has been reported from time to time that France would consent to relinquish her fishing rights in Newfoundland waters only on condition of receiving compensation in Africa, and the success of Great Britain in the Fashoda affair, which assured her control of the Nile valley, has made her more ready to offer France a *quid pro quo* in other portions of Africa. What England wants is that the west shore of Newfoundland should be free henceforth from the vexatious French rights whose exercise continually angers the colonists and retards enterprise and settlement; that British trading rights in the French Congo should be recognized and secured; and that with Morocco and Tunis things should remain as they are, for strategic naval reasons affecting the Mediterranean. France, on the other hand, while apparently acquiescing in the present status of Morocco and Tunis, wants a further delimitation of West African territory, which should consider French intentions and ambitions with regard to the territory around Lake Tchad, north and east of the newly organized British protectorate of Lokoto. France would doubtless insist upon increased territory in those regions, and might also require an enlargement of her sphere of influence in Siam. If, viewed in regard to world policy, there should result from the negotiations such a *rapprochement* between Great Britain,

France, and Italy as should weaken the grip of Russia, the preponderant partner of the Dual Alliance, upon French finance and upon French foreign policy in the East, it is difficult to exaggerate the important readjustments that would ensue among the world powers.



The Congo Charges

A vote taken in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies on July 8 shows that the Government of King Leopold will do nothing to reform the administration of the Congo Free State. By a vote of 91 to 35 the Chamber refused to sustain the charges made against Congo administrators, and expressed confidence in the moral development and prosperity of the great African region under their charge. The phrase "confidence in the moral development" is, of course, a rebuke to those who, both in Belgium and outside of it, have repeatedly charged the Belgian authorities in the Congo with odious and exasperating cruelty to the natives. The debate in the Chamber showed a fairly strong minority in favor of reforming abuses, but it was urged that nothing could be done unless the Powers represented at the Berlin Convention, by which the Congo Free State was created in 1885, agreed to change the provisions of the constitution then agreed upon. Belgium having declined to intervene, there is consequently no likelihood of reform, and that reform is needed there is no doubt. It is in the highest degree improbable that the allegations as to cruelty and oppression of natives which have appeared during the last ten years in the public press, in magazines and reviews, as well as in books written specially to expose the existing abuses, should lack some reasonable foundation. American interest in the question is emphasized by the fact that the International African Association, from which the Congo Free State was developed, was first recognized by the United States. The plain inference from the Belgian vote, therefore, is that the cruelties and illegal trade restrictions practised in the Congo Free State will be continued until outside pressure impels Belgian reform, or until a new international convention shall be brought about to accomplish the needed change.

Reconstruction in South Africa

Three recent events in South Africa have revealed several phases of progress in the work of reconstruction. On July 2 the Intercolonial Council, presided over by Lord Milner, opened at Johannesburg. Lord Milner's inaugural speech, a brief summary of which appeared in the despatches, declared the financial situation to be reassuring, forecasted steady and certain though not rapid progress, and predicted federation as the inevitable outcome of the new state of things. The statistics by which he supported this optimistic forecast were not given in the despatches; but his recent official report upon the progress of settlement since the war explained the plan and emphasized the success of placing on farms those burghers who, in the latter part of the war, sided with the British or were opposed to the irreconcilables. It was feared on all sides that the difficulty of settling these burghers would be insurmountable, owing to the hatred and persecution of their former comrades; but Lord Milner has solved the problem by placing them together on new lands or in company with British settlers of sympathetic views, and he regards his success as practically assuring peaceable reconstruction. Another grave difficulty has been removed by the acceptance by the Cape legislature of the new preferential tariff scheme which was adopted a few months ago by representatives of the colonies. It was believed at the time that, although Natal, Rhodesia, the Transvaal, and Orange River colonies would give Great Britain a twenty-five per cent. preference on foreign imports, Cape Colony would reject it and thus block the whole scheme. The favorable attitude of the legislature is due largely to the influence of the Premier, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who has done much to conciliate the Afrikaner members, though he has alienated many of the loyalists. The result is a good omen for the future, and it has also become known that some of the strongest irreconcilables have modified their attitude since Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa. On the whole, this first official review of the situation since the opening of the mines gives ground for hope, and puts the authorities in a better position to grapple with the labor problem.

Canada is just now entering upon schemes of railway construction unprecedented in its history. Two transcontinental lines, the Canadian Northern and the Trans-Canada, are now being built, and a third, the Grand Trunk Pacific, has just been decided upon by the Government under conditions which mark an interesting departure in railway construction. The Dominion Cabinet, according to the latest despatches from Ottawa, has resolved to build a Government line from Monckton, New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, after which the road will be leased to and operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years. The latter company will build the road from Winnipeg to Port Simpson on the Pacific coast. As to the western part of the road constructed by the company, the Government will guarantee the latter's bonds up to seventy-five per cent. of actual cost of construction. On this section the rates charged will be subject to Government control, but on the eastern or Government section the rates will not be too low to prevent the company from paying the annual rental. Construction of the eastern section is to be carried on under a Government commission. The railway will thus present the interesting experiment of a simultaneous competition between public and private enterprise in construction, though in both sections the line will be operated by private enterprise. It proves a suggestive progress in public opinion in Canada toward Government ownership and control of railways, being a departure from the old system of direct land and money subsidies which often enriched and corrupted private corporations at the public expense. It is expected that the whole line will be finished within three and a half years, as the urgent demands of settlement and transportation of grain call for the utmost rapidity in building. The Canadian Northern has been built from Port Arthur nearly to the District of Alberta, via Winnipeg, a stretch of 1,200 miles, and it will be extended either to Bute Inlet or to Port Simpson on the Pacific coast. The Trans-Canada line is in some respects the most interesting of the three. It has been chartered and will be built by private enterprise in an almost direct course from Quebec to the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, thence

west until it crosses the Rocky Mountain range at Pine River Pass, reaching the Pacific coast at Port Simpson. A glance at the map will show this route to be far more northerly than the others, combining the military advantages of a line whose terminals could easily be protected by British fleets, the line being from 250 to 500 miles shorter between oceans than the other transcontinental lines, and much less accessible to an invading force by land. Thus within the next ten years it is expected that three transcontinental lines, exclusive of the Canadian Pacific, will be built in Canada.



William Ernest Henley If William E. Henley, who died at Woking, England, last Sunday, had not as large a following of admirers as some contemporary poets and essayists, it must be admitted that the intensity of admiration felt by those who did appreciate his work was unusual. His "Book of Verses" certainly contains evidence of deep feeling and of a rare instinct for poetic form. One poem in particular will long keep Henley's name in mind, the cry of dauntless independence called "The Captain of My Soul," beginning

Beneath the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

Mr. Henley had a long and varied career as newspaper writer, critic, editor, essayist, and dramatist. His reputation as a reviewer was largely gained through notable contributions to the "Athenæum" and "Saturday Review." His friendship for Robert Louis Stevenson was an intimate one, and the two collaborated in four plays; two of these, "Deacon Brodie" and "Beau Austin," had some measure of success on the stage, and are even better as reading plays; the first is a powerful study of criminality in a man of outward respectability, the second a light and playful comedy of eighteenth-century polite society at a watering place. Many readers will remember the perturbation caused in literary circles two years ago by Mr. Henley's curious article on Stevenson; it was doubtless pettish in tone and exaggerated in statement, but it was misunderstood by those who did not

see that Henley's object was not to depreciate the real Stevenson but to protest against what he (rightly or wrongly) considered the mawkish and untrue adulation which obscured the real Stevenson. Mr. Henley's second volume of poems appeared in 1892 under the title "The Song of the Sword," and some years later a collected edition of the poems appeared.



Emigration from Harput Among the demands made by the United States Government upon Turkey, there is one concerning men who have become naturalized in America and who are not allowed to return to their families; namely, that these men shall be allowed to send for their families to come to them. Recently Mr. Leishman, United States Minister at Constantinople, elicited a promise from the Sultan that thirty five families, the heads of which were in the United States, should be allowed to leave Turkey. The list of names was sent to Harput, Asia Minor, the families being in the district of Mr. Norton, the United States Consul there, with instructions to secure passports and to start the families on their journey. Application was made to the local Turkish authorities, but they declined to issue passports without direct and definite instructions from the central Government. On the Consul's report of this, Mr. Leishman telegraphed to Mr. Norton, that if passports were not forthcoming, he should gather the women and children and bring them to the seacoast himself. The Governor of the province was then informed that the families could wait no longer for passports, and that on a certain day they would start for the coast under the protection of the United States Consul. This fact was telegraphed to the central Government, and only then was an order wired to Harput to issue the desired passports. The families were surprised to receive them upon payment of the legal fee of \$2, whereas the general cost has been from \$20 to \$50. The statement that the demands of the United States Government upon Turkey have been conceded by the Sultan would thus seem to be somewhat premature. Negotiations are still pending, and there is some justifiable hope of ultimate success. It is to be hoped that there will be more speedy success in

this matter than there was in securing the indemnity for damages at Harput done during the Armenian massacres. It is disheartening to note that the Turkish Government is still harrying the Armenians. It does not permit them to move about from place to place except by special permission, and these permits are often issued in return for bribes; but even then the Armenian has to provide more than \$200 in additional security that he will not leave the country. It will be remembered that, for a time, passports were given to those who wanted to go to America, but only upon condition that the Armenians should renounce their nationality and promise never to return to Turkey. As this surrender of nationality did not seem to be a particularly painful thing to do, a great many availed themselves of it, upon which the central Government, withdrew it altogether. Clandestine emigration, however, still continues. Some Turks are also leaving their own country, and many Kurds. The latter do not take out passports, but only permits to go to some place near the Mediterranean coast to find work, and when they reach a seaport, a bribe passes them on to a steamer. Turkish misrule is thus evident everywhere.



The Rhodes Scholarships

The conditions under which American candidates for the Rhodes scholarships must qualify have been made known in a memorandum prepared by the trustees of the will of the famous South African. The first election of American scholars will be held between February and May, 1904, and those who are successful will begin residence at Oxford in October of that year. A committee has been selected for each State and Territory, and each committee is to make an appointment from the list of those successfully passing the qualifying examination. The latter is not competitive, but must satisfy the examiners that candidates are acceptable to enter on the course prescribed at Oxford. A list of the subjects is published. Applicants must be unmarried, and must be American citizens between nineteen and twenty-five years old. No candidate may compete in more than one State. In view of the numerous inquiries which will be made we publish a list of the authorities from whom information may be

obtained. In most of the Western and Southern States the president of the State university or college is chairman of the committee of selection. For the other States the following chairmen have been named:

Connecticut—President Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., Yale University.

Illinois—President W. R. Harper, Ph.D., D.D., University of Chicago.

Kentucky—President D. B. Gray, D.D., Georgetown College.

Maryland—President W. A. Remsen, LL.D., Johns Hopkins University.

Massachusetts—President Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Harvard University.

New Hampshire—President W. J. Tucker, D.D., Dartmouth College.

New Jersey—President Woodrow Wilson, LL.D., Princeton University.

New York State—President Nicholas Murray Butler, LL.D., Columbia University.

Rhode Island—President W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., Brown University.

In the following States appointments will be made by the chartered colleges and universities in rotation:

California—University of California, Leland Stanford University. Smaller colleges every seventh year.

Maine—The order of rotation yet to be fixed.

Vermont—University of Vermont, Middlebury College.

Washington—The order of rotation yet to be fixed.



The National Education Association at Boston

The number of people who were drawn to Boston last week by the meetings of the National Education Association was more than twice that of the normal population of the largest city in the State of Vermont, and about equal to the total population of the State of Nevada. The headquarters were in the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the churches of the Back Bay were put to service. Meetings were held simultaneously day after day in eleven separate places. The large Mechanics Hall was thronged for the evening sessions; Symphony Hall was utilized for two performances of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*; and many other buildings were occupied as committee rooms, reception rooms, exhibit rooms, an emergency hospital, a temporary post-office station, and the like.

To give a complete report of the proceedings of such a convention, even in outline, would require a small volume. It was for the time being a city within a city, all of whose inhabitants were given over to the consideration of the one subject, Education. Men and women, philosophically enduring the heat, thronged the streets. Blue badges, green badges, red badges flashed from trolley cars, on the pavements, in the hotels. Here a group of women, headed by a bearded, rugged man, strolled by in the crowds, wearing gay yellow ribbons, bearing the name "Nebraska" printed conspicuously. There a group guided by an official usher, with bright red sash and epaulets, inspected the old burying-ground by King's Chapel, or examined appreciatively the Shaw monument. Excursions of teachers were manifest in all the environs of Boston, in the Harvard Yard, at Salem, at the Bunker Hill Monument, at the beaches. At the same time audiences were gathered listening to discussions, in the "new Old South Church" on Manual Training, in the "First Church" on Business Education, in the First Baptist Church on Child Study, in the Arlington Street Church on Normal Schools, and in other places on the Kindergarten, on Secondary Education, on Indian Education, and so on up to seventeen distinct topics. And for each topic there was some large or small group of teachers to whom it was of paramount importance as their specialty.



The Spirit of the Convention

To the most casual observer the spirit of this remarkable and, so far as the Association is concerned, unprecedented Convention was evidently that of candid, free discussion. The expression of individual opinion, no matter how conventional or unconventional, was to all appearance absolutely unhampered. No session more typically embodied this spirit than that which was concerned with the question of shortening the baccalaureate course and adjusting it to the courses in the professional schools. President Eliot of Harvard, Dean West of Princeton, President Harper of Chicago, and President Butler of Columbia courteously but firmly told one another, in the presence of an audience that crowded

the Central Church, that the baccalaureate course was too long, too short, exactly short and long enough, that it was unnecessary, essential, and partly both and partly neither, that it was fit only for mature minds, that it was adapted only for immature minds, and that it did not matter so much about the minds as about the system; that it was bound up with the future of the professional schools, that it had nothing to do with the professional schools, and that it might be taken sometimes with and sometimes without professional training. This disagreement among the doctors may have been a somewhat shocking revelation to some hearers of the chaotic condition of American education as a system, but it certainly was very strong evidence, on the other hand, that education in America is not suffering from the coma of traditionalism. In the course of the discussion that followed these addresses President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, indicated that this very disagreement was a sign of a wholesome condition, as uniformity was not to be desired in higher education; the same freedom which is now pretty firmly established in respect to choice of studies he regarded as quite as desirable in respect to the length of the college course. As President Eliot said in closing the discussion, the intelligent way out of the difficulty is "experiment, continued experiment." With a touch of humor, he included "that most interesting experiment of all . . . continuing the old requirement for a four-year residence." President Eliot, who is also president of the Association, also made, in his presidential address at the opening of the Convention, a fine statement in his "New Definition of the Cultivated Man." This, he said, included sympathetic acquaintance with both nature and humanity, character formed, not in seclusion, but in the world as it is, power to understand and use language, some store, though it may be only a small portion, of human knowledge, and a trained and constructive imagination. One passage is worth quoting for its stimulating ethical quality. In speaking of the mastery of some portion of the store of knowledge, he said:

What portion, or portions, of the infinite human store are most proper to the cultivated

man? The answer must be: those which enable him, with his individual personal qualities, to deal best and sympathize best with nature and with other human beings. It is here that passion for service must fuse with passion for knowledge.

These are words worthy to be bound for a sign upon the hand of academic learners and teachers, and to be written upon the doorposts of college halls and upon university gates.



The Legal Aid Society

The Legal Aid Society of New York City has for twenty-seven years been doing, without noise or ostentation, a work of high value and usefulness. The Society is founded upon the conviction that legal justice should be within the reach of all men and women, no matter how poor or ignorant, and grew originally out of observation of individual cases of wrong and oppression of which newly arrived immigrants, unacquainted with our language and customs, were the victims. The work has enlarged, and the Society now employs a corps of lawyers and office assistants, who give their entire time to hearing and adjusting, by advice or by legal procedure, the difficulties of the oppressed poor. The Society occupies four offices in different parts of the city: the main office, on Broadway, through which pass each month from five hundred to six hundred cases, embracing those of all nationalities; the Seamen's Branch, on State Street, which offers legal redress to sailors hailing from all ports; the Rivington Street branch, whose clients are mostly Russians and Poles; and the uptown, west side office, on Tenth Avenue, where the majority of the applicants are Americans and Irish. The large expenses of the Society are defrayed by the annual dues paid by its members, and by outside contributions; but in order that the relation between the Society and the applicant for help may be that of lawyer and client, and not that of complainer and benefactor—that there may be a business and not a charitable basis—a retainer fee of ten cents is charged in each case taken up, and ten per cent. of the money recovered, if that amount be over five dollars. A large number of the cases—from four hundred to five hundred a month, in the four offices—are those for the recovery of withheld wages. The

number of the strong who with impunity refuse to pay to the weak a part of their earnings is almost incredible. The locksmith's assistant, the bartender, the errand-boy, the housemaid, discharged on some slight pretext and denied the \$3 or \$7 due, unable to pay an ordinary lawyer for the recovery of so small a sum, is absolutely helpless unless he happens in some way to hear of this Society, which, for a fee within moderate means, will do all that the law can do, in most cases recovering the amount due. Another class is that of the intelligence office cases, where the victim pays his fee—perhaps his last dollar—on the promise of an immediate "job" in return for it, and is then turned coolly and heartlessly away, boiling with wrath and hatred, but wholly helpless. Then there are the will cases, where the heir to some small but precious sum—perhaps \$100, perhaps \$500, in many cases the result of a lifetime's savings—is enabled to receive his legacy intact, aided by the advice and backing of the Society's lawyers, instead of having it eaten up by unnecessary or unprincipled litigation. There are also the domestic trouble cases, of greatest possible range, and largely brought by women, who without this Society would be without redress. As for the sailors, the stories of the impositions practiced upon them would fill more than one book. Few, in fact, have even the slightest idea of the hundreds of ways in which the poor and ignorant in this city are constantly being made to accept unjust treatment in rebellious but impotent silence; and such of these as learn of the Legal Aid Society and are assisted by it to obtain what is lawfully theirs are made happier and more contented men, and hence better and more desirable citizens.



A Fitting Memorial

Not only Boston and Massachusetts, but the whole country, owe a debt of gratitude to the late Charles Eliot for his truly great contributions to the cause of outdoor art and recreation. The great metropolitan park system of Boston and its environs owes its inception, and very largely its execution, to his public spirit, foresight, and skill, and it is fitting that his friends should seek to perpetuate his memory and the history of his connection with the work by some appropriate memorial.

To be sure, as they say, the system itself "is the noblest monument to him," but there should "be some visible record that the people of his own time appreciated the man and what he accomplished in his too brief career." It is proposed, inasmuch as the erection of a monument in the park system would violate the principle which he so strongly urged, to construct the "Charles Eliot Path," encircling the summit of the beautiful Great Blue Hill, so as to disclose the most commanding views. Such a path, with the incidental bridge needed to carry it over one of the ravines, and a bronze memorial tablet, would indeed constitute a most appropriate memorial to one who gave his life to arousing "an intelligent general interest in the opportunities for making the earth beautiful instead of ugly when adapting it to the use of man." Not the least significant feature of the memorial is the fact that it is in harmony with one of Eliot's fundamental contentions that no structure or object, no matter how beautiful or commendable in itself, should be introduced into a system like that of metropolitan parks unless it tends to serve directly the uses for which alone they were created—namely, to provide permanently rural and sylvan landscape for the enjoyment and inspiration of the people. The Park Commission has undertaken to construct the path, and Mr. Eliot's friends propose to erect the bridge and tablet.



Education in Municipal Government

The need for intelligent and adequate instruction in governmental matters, and especially in municipal government, is one that has been increasingly felt by educators generally. Appreciating this fact, the National Municipal League has appointed a Committee on Instruction on American Educational Institutions, President Drown, of Lehigh University, as Chairman. This Committee devoted two years of consecutive activity to the preparation of courses, outlines, and syllabi for colleges, and its two reports constitute an important contribution to the subject, and have resulted in stirring up considerable interest, leading to the introduction of courses in municipal government in a number of institutions. A new committee, with City Super-

intendent William H. Maxwell, of New York, has been appointed by the League to consider the question in relation to elementary and high school. This Committee, which is made up of leading city superintendents, supervisors, principals of high and grammar schools, and publicists, has taken up its allotted task with vigor, and has just held a meeting in connection with the National Educational Association to outline an extended inquiry to ascertain to what extent instruction of any kind is given in these branches, what fundamental ideas should be developed, and what text-books are most helpful. The high character of the personnel of the Committee, and the keenness with which it has entered upon the discharge of its duties, give promise of a report of the first importance and value to the schools of the country. If it can suggest a course of study which will produce a more intelligent and enlightened generation of American citizens, especially in regard to their municipal duties, it will have achieved a result of untold value.



Women's Christian Work The eleventh Summer Conference for Eastern college women under the auspices of the American Committee affiliated with the World's Christian Student Federation has just held its session at Silver Bay, Lake George. Nearly six hundred students were present from colleges, normal and private schools. Vassar sent a delegation of seventy, and the numbers of Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and Wellesley followed close after. Personal inspiration and practical training in different forms of Christian work are characteristic of the Conference. R. J. Campbell, of London, Dr. Lloyd Tompkins, Bishop Thoburn, Robert E. Speer, and John R. Mott were among the platform speakers. Mr. Mott's recent trip to Australasia and his close touch with the world of students brought a strong feeling of unity with the effort for service all over the globe, while Dr. Campbell's open-minded reverence was a benediction. There were several sectional conferences, each a normal school of its kind. The College Conference furnished hints for organized religious and philanthropic work during the academic year. The

Alumnæ Conference, conducted by Miss Eleanor Brownell, has been particularly valuable in the presentation of various forms of church work by experienced workers, along lines of missionary settlement and Sunday-school work. The Bible classes, led by the Rev. John Timothy Stone, of Baltimore, Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, Assistant Secretary of the American Board, and Miss May Blodgett, used as bases the courses of Bible study outlined by Mr. Sharman and Professor Bosworth for the devotional Bible classes of students. The Missionary Institute has emphasized service regardless of geography, but service where the need is greatest and the workers few. Intercollegiate athletics have filled the afternoon hours, and the spirit of fellowship among the colleges, the deepening of genuine loyalty on the part of alumnæ and undergraduates for the best interests of each college, has been one of the most important features of the Conference. The spiritual impression left is strong, objectively as well as subjectively. The financial session was an unusual object-lesson of spiritualized giving, and the potentialities of these days will show in many other ways in the coming year, both in academic institutions and in church and civic life.



Religious Pedagogy The Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, incorporated last spring by the Connecticut Legislature, was formerly known as the Bible Normal College of Springfield, Massachusetts, where it was organized in 1885. Its removal in 1902 to Hartford secured it an advantageous affiliation with the Hartford Theological Seminary, through which, with no organic connection of the two institutions, each of them is open to students in the other. It is now admitted by leaders of Sunday-school work, though not with uniform appreciation of the fact, that sound pedagogical method is requisite for wise religious teaching; that the teacher of religion needs training in right methods no less than the teacher of language. What the normal school and the teachers' college do for teachers in the public schools, such institutions as the Hartford School undertake to do for the teacher of the church school. Every year witnesses an increasing demand for well-

trained superintendents, secretaries, and teachers. The field of training includes four departments—the Bible, the Child, the Home, the Teacher. These are covered by a three years' course for persons intending to make religious teaching their life-work, and a course of one year for others. The three years' course is not less exacting in its requirements than that of the theological seminary, from which it is differentiated by the stress laid upon teaching. Where such a school is affiliated with the seminary, each is complementary to the other, and the best-prepared ministers are likely to be those who have had the advantages of both and are thus equipped on all sides.



Peonage

One of the strongest arguments against a falsehood is a fair presentation of the strongest showing its advocates can make for it. For this reason we transfer here to our columns from the New York "Herald" a reported argument for peonage as an "economic necessity," attributed by the interviewer to a Georgia planter. After saying that if he were to discharge an idle or incompetent laborer, the whole family connection, from thirty to sixty people, "would skip, and half a dozen such cases of discipline would paralyze the plantation," and that therefore whipping of lazy laborers is necessary, the interview proceeds as follows:

"But you never did whip a negro, of course?"

"Yes, I have. We have to do it once in a while. A negro ran away from me and hid on the next plantation, eleven miles away. I went after him with my negro foreman. I took him out of a cabin with a revolver in my hand and drove him home. There I took it out of him with a buggy whip, while the negro foreman held him. That sounds very shocking to you, no doubt, but I am telling you the fact. If you were the only responsible white man on a plantation and were surrounded by more than five hundred negroes of the most debased and ignorant character, who cannot be reached by any moral suasion, who are influenced by neither gratitude nor resentment, you would go to the field every day with a revolver in your pocket, as every one of us planters is forced to do, and you would either maintain discipline in the only way the negro understands it, or else you would give up your plantation to your creditors or your executors, as the case might be."

A little further on in the same interview we find another statement of the same doctrine:

"Whether Judge Jones has declared this law constitutional or not, the planters in the black belt will have to maintain their right to reclaim their contract labor, or else they will have to go out of the business. Under any other system you would find it impossible to get in your cotton, because the negroes at the critical time would simply sit down and refuse to work. When they are well, we compel our laborers to go to the field by force. This is the truth, and there is no use lying about it."

It is not true that compulsory labor is necessary to the cotton industry. Experience has demonstrated that intelligence and hope are better incentives to industry than ignorance and fear. Some of the best cotton in the South is raised by free labor. The difficulty in the Black Belt is the incompetence of the planter even more than the ignorance of the laborers. If the planter does not know enough to carry on a cotton plantation with free labor, he should go out of business. That is the resolve of the Nation; and the sooner the peonage planters understand that resolve, the better for them and for the country.

But if it were true that cotton cannot be raised by free labor, it would not alter the resolve of the Nation. If we cannot have both cotton and liberty, we will have liberty and get along without cotton. The argument of the peonage planter is the argument of the sordid money-getter in all sections and at all times. "We must close our mines and factories if we cannot employ children," is the argument for child labor. "We cannot get an adequate return for our money if we are compelled to build sanitary houses," is the argument of the coffin-building landlords. "We cannot compete with the shrewd and shifty Jews, therefore their massacre is an economic necessity," is the argument of Kishenev. And the answer is always the same: manhood is worth more than money. It is better that the factories fail and the children live; better that the landlords go to the poorhouse than that the tenants be carried to the cemetery; better to endure debt than to commit murder. It does not alarm the lovers of liberty in the least to be told that if the peonage planters are not allowed to whip their laborers they will go out of the busi-

ness. On the contrary, the Nation has resolved that they shall go out of the business as at present conducted. Philistines to the contrary notwithstanding, when money is put in one scale and manhood in the other, manhood always outweighs money. Peonage is simply slavery under another name; and its re-establishment on this continent is prohibited alike by the Constitution and laws of the United States, by the moral sentiment of the South, and by both the moral and the labor sentiment of the North. These forces are more than sufficient to overcome the "economic necessity."

The best sentiment of the South is resolved against peonage. Bitterly has the South suffered the curse of slavery. Great is the price it has paid for redemption. The peonage planters are a very small minority in the South. It is true that they are acting under color of law; true that justices of the peace and local policemen have helped them to enslave American citizens. But it is also true that it is the voice of the South which, in the person of Judge Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama, has declared this law to be as palpable a violation of the Constitution, both of the State and of the Union of States, as it is of the principles of liberty and humanity. His judicial decision is interesting reading; to the peonage planter it should be very valuable reading.

Peonage violates the Constitution of Alabama, which declares that "all men are equally free and independent, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It violates the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees the right of every citizen to be free from slavery or involuntary servitude of any kind, except upon punishment for crime. It violates the fundamental principles of equity, because "it is designed solely in the interest of the employer or landlord," and "gives the renter or laborer no unusual recourse against his employer or landlord, while it in effect, though not in name, pronounces practical outlawry in favor of the landlord against the laborer or renter." Such a law, so palpably in violation of the fundamental principles of the Commonwealth, affords no protection to those who plead it as a justification for their wrong-

doing. No magistrate is liable for mistakes of judgment; but on adequate evidence that the machinery of the law has been corruptly used for the purpose of enslaving freemen—and such appears to have been the case in more than one instance—"such magistrate or other judicial officer cannot escape criminal responsibility to the United States for the conspiracy and its natural and designed effect."

That this judgment of Judge Jones expresses the best sentiment of the South we do not doubt; as little do we doubt that it represents the sentiment of both the State and the National administrations. Unless we are greatly mistaken in his character, the Governor of Alabama is as little inclined to indorse the peonage system as is Judge Jones; and certainly the President will not be more complaisant toward it. Neither Pierce, Fillmore, nor Buchanan is in the President's chair. Inhumanity to man always arouses President Roosevelt's indignation; and he has it in large measure when it is aroused.

And his indignation would represent that of the Nation. Especially among workingmen, North and South, whether they work with brains or hands or both, there will be little patience with any legal system which leaves employers free to break their contracts, and makes it a crime, punishable with slavery, for workingmen to break theirs. Already in Georgia three peonage planters have been convicted, and have had their sentence suspended by Judge Speer "during good behavior." In Alabama, under Judge Jones's instructions, ninety-nine indictments have been found by the Grand Jury, and one peonage planter has been brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The reader should recollect that these cases have been tried in Southern courts, and these verdicts rendered by Southern juries. We do not suppose that The Outlook has among its subscribers many peonage planters. But if we could reach them, it would be to counsel them, in their own interest, to abandon this system without delay. The determination of the best men in the South, reinforced by the Administration and the free-labor sentiment of the Nation, is not one to be disregarded with impunity.

Negro Graduates

About six weeks ago a Southern correspondent wrote to us calling our attention to a letter in the Washington "Post," by Mr. Gordon McDonald, a lawyer of Montgomery, Alabama, the spirit of which is indicated by the following extract from it: "Living in Montgomery, a county adjoining Macon, wherein Tuskegee is situated, I speak whereof I know, in saying that for one genuine, hard-working husbandman or artisan sent into the world by Washington's school, it afflicts this State with twenty soft-handed negro dudes and loafers, who earn a precarious living by 'craps' or petit larceny, or live on the hard-earned wages of cooks and wash-women whose affections they have been enabled to ensnare. The girls graduated at this school are taught to scorn hard work, while their poor mothers toil over the wash-tubs and cook-stoves, that their daughters may be taught music and painting, and to rustle in fine dresses in a miserable imitation of fine ladies."

This statement was contrary to the opinions entertained at the Outlook office, and contrary to incidental information obtained from various sources, among others a personal visit to Tuskegee Institute by one of the staff; but the letter appeared in a reputable paper and was signed by its author. The Outlook, therefore, sent a representative to make inquiries as to the facts, that it might give the results to its readers. The representative called upon Mr. McDonald, who was at the moment unable to give any more definite information. He declared that he had known many graduates of Tuskegee brought into court upon criminal charges, though he could not give names; that his wife could give the names of women graduates who had been taught to scorn hard work while their poor mothers toiled over the wash-tubs and cook-stoves, and he promised to furnish names and details at a later interview. A second interview brought no results. A third one brought this information: "My wife mentioned one old woman thus afflicted, but does not wish me to reveal her name, for fear of hurting the old woman's feelings. But there are hundreds of such cases here, of which everybody in Montgomery is aware. It is a matter of common noto-

riety. I cannot give their names, but every one knows about them." But no information was furnished as to Tuskegee graduates brought before the courts under criminal charges. A fourth interview produced no better results. Then our representative decided to investigate the court records for himself. As a result, the names of three men were given to him, one indicted September, 1897, for burglary, one in April, 1897, for grand larceny, and one in April, 1903, for robbery. But on going back to Tuskegee for the purpose of identifying the persons whose names were thus given, he discovered that none of them had been students at the Institute. The result of The Outlook's investigation, then, is this:

Mr. McDonald thinks he knows of one old woman whose daughter is idle, but declines to give her name for fear of hurting her feelings. On this information he bases his statement, "I speak whereof I know in saying that for one genuine, hard-working husbandman or artisan sent into the world by Washington's school, it afflicts this State with twenty soft-handed negro dudes and loafers."

Our representative, however, did not stop his investigation here. He went carefully through the catalogues of Tuskegee Institute, and made a note of every man and woman who had received from that Institute an academic diploma or industrial certificate, whose residence was in the city of Montgomery. He also made a note of many others who have received neither certificate nor diploma, but who have pursued their education at that Institute. He found that there were residing in the city of Montgomery thirty-eight ex-students of Tuskegee, graduates and others. He personally investigated the present condition of each one of these ex-students, and he has sent to us his report concerning them. From his report we take at haphazard his account of the conditions of a dozen of these ex-students. The other accounts are equally creditable:

J. W. P., class of 1889, is farming. He controls 150 acres, owns five head of cattle, and teaches school six months in the year.

J. T. learned sewing and dressmaking at Tuskegee. She lives with her brother on South Ripley Street, working at her trade, and has all the work she can do.

Mrs. W. T. is the wife of a man employed in J. P. Adam's store. They have a good

home, the attractiveness of which attests her good qualities as a housekeeper.

W. L. has been employed for the last two or three years by the Montgomery Carriage Company, one of the largest firms of Montgomery.

A. C. P. has an excellent reputation as a carpenter and contractor in Montgomery. I found him at work on the inside of a fine house on South Perry Street, and at another time I found him overseeing a contract on a large house at Highland Park, a fashionable suburb of Montgomery. He has a good home on Jeff Davis Avenue, and owns considerable other property.

P. M. is at work as drug clerk in the drug-store of Dr. A. C. Dungee. He graduated from Tuskegee in 1902. While at the school he worked in the hospital, and much of the time had charge of the drug-room. He is studying medicine, and has already spent a session at Meharry College, Nashville, Tennessee.

R. C. I found hard at work in a shoemaking shop, to which he had come directly from the Tuskegee school shop four months before. He is the fourth man this employer has had from Tuskegee. Two of these men are now back at the school, at work in the shop, and the other has a shop of his own at Camp Hill, Alabama. When I asked the proprietor in regard to C.'s character, he said, "He is as steady as a clock."

Mrs. B. N. C. graduated in the class of 1887, and her home has been in Montgomery most of the time since then, although her work at times takes her away from the city. She is a trained nurse of excellent reputation and wide experience, and has been frequently employed at Hill's Infirmary. When I inquired for her, she was taking care of a private case. She owns two good houses on Union Street and on High Street, both of which I saw. She also owns a vacant lot.

F. S. T. is a rural mail carrier from the Montgomery post-office. He received his appointment about a year ago. He owns his home.

I. M. A. graduated in the class of 1889, and since then has taught continuously in the city schools of Montgomery, being at present employed in the Day Street school. I visited her school, and am satisfied that she is an unusually competent teacher.

Mrs. I. S. W. graduated in the class of 1893. Her husband is a prosperous pharmacist, and they have an unusually good home on South Jackson Street. One has only to go into this house to see that Mrs. W. is a model housekeeper.

S. T. I found in charge of Mr. M. C. Scott's dairy. This establishment was milking 164 cows when I was there, with 96 more dry and heifers in pasture. Mr. Scott has had several men from the Tuskegee dairy school before this one. When I asked if they had given satisfaction, he said: "Every man that the Tuskegee school has recommended to me has been thoroughly satisfactory." In my presence at the time of the visit, he gave an order for

two more men from the school as soon as the approaching vacation would set them at liberty.

O. L. C. is working and earning \$ 5 a week. He owns a home worth \$1,000, two vacant lots, and a horse and buggy, cows, hogs, etc. He has worked as a printer at the State Normal School. He is a barber.

Not one of these ex-students but is earning his living by his industry, if it be allowed that a wife and mother who is taking care of her home and her children earns her living. Nearly all of them are financially independent and laying up money. Many of them have accumulated property. To consider such lives as are here recorded failures appears to us a very great compliment to the negro race.

The Outlook expresses its sense of obligation to Mr. Gordon McDonald for having incited it to make this investigation, and it requests the Washington "Post" to give to its readers the results ascertained by us.



The Educational Solution of Religious Problems

Almost every religious problem of to-day resolves itself into a problem in religious education. This is very obvious, for instance, in the question of the Bible in the public schools, or of the fitting of men for the modern demands of the ministry, or of the continued existence of the Sunday-school. It may not be so obvious, but it is just as truly present, in other questions even more serious and fundamental. The question as to the authority of the Bible has become for this age what the question as to the authority of the Church was for the time of the Reformation. Literary study of the Bible is making it increasingly difficult for faith in the Bible as a repository of infallible information to persist. How to bring people to see in the real Bible the record of the progress of divine life in the world, and understand that such a record is a far surer aid to faith than any dictated instructions could be, though they were from God himself, is a problem in religious education. The religious problem presented in the remarkable growth of such diverse cults as Mormonism, Dowicism, Spiritualism, and Christian Science,

though not by any means unprecedented, is one that is in many of its phases distinctive of this age. If sanity is to prevail in religion over superstition, no matter how subtle or how highly organized, it can do so, in this country and age, only by means of religious education.

In view of the fundamental character of the problem of religious education, it is strange that until within a very few years little, if any, serious and systematic attention has been given to it. Probably because religion has been so generally regarded as something mystical, if not magical, people even of the more thoughtful sort have seemed to be content to treat each religious problem as if it were unrelated to any other, and as well unrelated to the process by which God has brought mankind to its present state—that process which in these days is called evolution, but which may equally well be given the older name of education. It has, however, been evident for some years that men have been changing in their view of religious life and its problems. No more impressive sign of this change has been given than the sudden rise of the Religious Education Association. The mixture has been in solution; it is now crystallized. The existence of this body, with its already numerous membership representing very different schools of thought and habits of mind, and its extensive organization covering many departments of religious activity, indicates that men of to-day, however much they may differ in point of view, are ready to unite upon the single proposition that religion can and ought to be made a matter of education. During the meeting of the National Education Association at Boston last week, the officers and other members of the Religious Education Association assembled; a meeting of the Association was appointed for the first to the third of next March at Philadelphia; sixty men, educators, clergymen, journalists, some of National reputation, from as far west as the Rocky Mountains, as far south as Georgia, and of course from the East and Middle West, discussed informally at dinner the character of the work undertaken; and some of the committees already formed conferred regarding specific measures needing immediate attention. But more important than any action taken, or

any plans proposed, was the evidence, in the mere fact of the gathering, that out of the chaos is emerging some sign of order.

For the purpose of making clearer the nature of the need which to-day underlies almost all religious problems, and thus indicating the scope of the work which must be undertaken to supply that need, we point out three distinctions which ought to be kept in mind.

1. The first distinction, familiar to all present-day teachers but none the less frequently ignored, is that between education and instruction. Instruction is imparting information to a mind, and may be likened to the act of pouring water into a vessel. Education is the guidance of the growth of a mind, and may be likened to the process of cultivating a plant. Instruction may be one part of education, as watering a plant may be a part of the process of cultivating it; but imparting information to a mind may be a means of retarding its development, just as watering a plant may interfere with its growth. It is one and a rather usual thing to give out information on religious subjects; it is another and far rarer thing to draw out the undeveloped religious life. Religious instruction is not the same as religious education.

2. It therefore follows that a distinction must be made between dogma and religion. When we pass beyond instruction into education, we pass beyond dogma into religion. What is often called religious education has often been nothing more than instruction in dogma. How dogmas may best be conveyed may be discussed and settled, and yet the subject of education in religion remain untouched. What the rules of Greek grammar are to the literary instinct, the dogmas of theology are to religion. The teacher can hammer rules into the boy's head; but the literary instinct he has to develop out of the boy's mind. Dogmas can be conveyed by instruction; but religion must be developed by education.

3. A distinction likewise follows between religion and feeling. If religion can be made the subject of education, it may yet be emotional, but it must be more than emotion. One may be intensely emotional and remain uneducated. A plant that bears flowers but no fruit is not a developed plant. The deepening of

religious experience has often been supposed to be religious education. But religious education is more than the deepening of religious experience. It may include instruction in dogma; it may include the deepening of experience; but if it is real education, it must be concerned primarily with the development of the complete life.

This is the problem that is peculiarly the religious problem of this day and land. A democracy must seek for the solution of its religious problems, like that of its political and social problems, in education. Only as religious education, as distinct from dogmatic instruction on the one hand and cultivation of the emotions on the other, is achieved will the religious questions of the age, even such pressing ones as those concerning the authority of the Bible, the overcoming of superstition, and the union of the Church, find answer.



A Viking of To-day

Somewhere off the coast of Labrador this time of year there is a steamship called the *Strathcona* cruising about among the fishermen. In command of this vessel there is a young Englishman, an Oxford man, bronzed, athletic, who is not only a surgeon, a friend and pupil of Sir Frederick Treves, famous as surgeon to the King, but also a certificated master mariner, a founder of a system of co-operative stores, an explorer, an agent of Lloyd's, the great maritime insurance institution, an author, whose book, "*Vikings of To-day*" (bearing the imprint of Marshall Brothers, London), is full of stirring anecdote and human feeling. He combines all his functions in meeting the opportunities of the one office, Superintendent of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. This surgeon-mariner, unconventional missionary, rugged, enterprising, modest, so forgetful of self that he would be likely to resent being termed unselfish, adventurous, brave, indefatigable, is Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. In another column he tells something of what it means to be a surgeon "*Among the Deep Sea Fishermen.*"

The inhabitants of Labrador subsist on "fish," which is the legally recognized term there for cod. During the summer

the population more than doubles, for then is the fishing season. But whether it be summer or winter, the people suffer hardships of peculiar severity. In the first place, storm and snow, merciless ice and rocks unite in bringing disaster to ships at sea and settlements on land. In the second place, the isolation of the fisher settlements on a barren soil renders the fisher folk absolutely dependent upon the traders for supplies of food, so that it has been usual for next year's catch of fish to be mortgaged in advance in payment for this year's food. In the third place, the fishing fleets have been accompanied by vessels selling grog and pandering to worse vices than drunkenness. To the need occasioned by accident and disease Dr. Grenfell brings an answer with medicines and bandages, surgical instruments, physicians, nurses, hospitals, and a hospital ship. To the pauperism and destitution brought about by the abominable "truck system" Dr. Grenfell has brought relief by establishing co-operative stores. To the challenge thrown down by the grog vessels Dr. Grenfell has replied by supplying games, wholesome amusements, and the tobacco the fishermen demand, in vessels that are veritable, though unconventional, "mission ships."

If there is any better preaching of the Gospel of Christ in the world than this we do not know it. The evidence of its character is almost literally that which Jesus gave in answer to the disciples of John the Baptist. The blind receive their sight, those crippled by wreck and exposure are restored to usefulness, those stricken with disease are healed, those who are in the power of death are raised to life, and the poor are relieved and have good news told them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended by such preaching. As Sir Frederick Treves has said in his comment on Dr. Grenfell and his work, the spirit of daring that fired the hearts of old-time adventurers is still active; for "the modern rover of the sea differs from his predecessor in little save the motive of his expedition." Indeed, even in his motive he does not differ from some of his predecessors; for it was the same motive that made adventurers of St. Paul, of St. Columba, and of Count Zinzendorf.

Both Creditor and Debtor

The joy which comes from a sense of the breadth and depth of the love of God for his children is more widely felt to-day than in the years when men were in bondage to the fear of God's wrath; but in every age there have been those who have divined the fullness of the infinite love, even when the thought of the time limited and circumscribed it. Good Bishop Hall, whose "Meditations and Vows" are full of devout thought and peace of spirit, knew in whom he believed and was at rest. Thomas Fuller said of him that he "was commonly called our English Seneca, for the pureness, plainness, and fullness of his style. Not unhappy at Controversies, more happy at Comments, very good in his Characters, better in his Sermons, best of all in his Meditations." A little younger than Shakespeare, he was the contemporary of the great group of Englishmen who enlarged the world of action and of thought as well, and by the range and vitality of their deeds and words gave life a wider meaning. In such an active age, the tide of energy at the flood, the Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich kept the faith with the simplicity of a pure heart, and found his strength in those secret places where the holiest natures are nourished. He was still a young man when the "Meditations and Vows" were published; but he had learned much, for he tells us that he made them "not for the Eye, but for the Heart."

The spiritual insight of this seeker after God is revealed in a passage so full of truth and of strength that, brief as it is, it may stand by itself as a statement of the fullness of the love of God:

"It is a wonderful mercy of God, both to forgive us our debts to him in our sins, and to make himself a debtor to us in his promises. So that now, both ways the Soul may be sure; since he neither calleth for those debts which he hath once forgiven, nor withdraweth those favors and that Heaven which he hath promised: but, as he is a merciful creditor, to forgive; so is he a true debtor, to pay whatsoever he hath undertaken. Whence it comes to pass, that the penitent sinner owes nothing to God but Love and Obedience, and God owes still much and all to

him: for he owes as much as he hath promised; and what he owes by virtue of his blessed promise, we may challenge. O infinite Mercy! He that lent us all that we have, and in whose debt-books we run hourly forward, till the sum be endless; yet owes us more, and bids us look for payment."



The Spectator

Wanted—a lost word and a lost recreation! Every one knows how elusive the right word is at times, and how we vainly attempt to find it by a dozen well-worn methods of suggestion, often abandoning all to let the mind settle and, in the clearing process, come to its own. The Spectator's lost word, however, is not one of the kind which thus disappears from memory; it stays by him only too faithfully. His trouble is that he cannot "place" it; nor can his friend to whom he is indebted for it.



"I've found a new word and a new amusement for you," said this friend the other day. "It's seradipity." The Spectator acknowledged that he didn't recognize the article, and craved enlightenment. "I don't know exactly what it means," was the answer, "but it's an amusement. I know that because I found it given among the *Recreations* attached to the brief biographies of 'Who's Who.' I'll show it to you." But for once the tenacious memory of the Spectator's friend failed him; he could not recall the famous man who had invented this remarkable recreation. And after glancing over a number of the 1,532 pages of "Who's Who," the Spectator also finds it not. His confidence in his friend's memory, however, is not shaken. That word, or something like it, will yet turn up.



Incidental to his search for "seradipity," the Spectator had an hour's amusement in learning what amuses other folks, as described by themselves in the pages of "Who's Who." In the first place, he notes an international difference. The English book of that name, which is the one here referred to, apparently regards a man's or woman's recreations as a matter of special significance; the Ameri-

can "Who's Who" does not report them. Probably most Americans are still somewhat reluctant to admit in print that they have any amusements; it would seem that they did not take life seriously enough. An occasional American, however, finds his way into the pages of the transatlantic "Who's Who," and is not unwilling to let his English cousins know that he too can unbend. One notices that many Americans find it difficult to "sink the shop" even in their recreations. That dean of American printers, for instance, Mr. Theodore De Vinne, has for his recreations: "Books and prints"! Another American, Edgar Saltus, gives as his only recreation, "Work." How much pleasanter it is to read of the habits of athletic Englishmen such as, for instance, C. J. Longman, of the well-known publishing firm, who is put down as the champion of England at archery, and as a devotee of football; Arthur J. Balfour, "Captain Royal and Ancient Golf Club, President Cyclists' Union, Motorist;" John Burns, the labor member of Parliament, whose recreations are "cricket, skating, rowing, boxing." But as a boxer John Burns might not be in the same class with our own Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia publisher, whose only recreation is given as "boxing—boxed exhibition bouts with many of the leading professional pugilists; encountered Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, for three rounds at the Pen and Pencil Club, Philadelphia, 1894."

Some of the more amusing or characteristic of these entries under the head of Recreations the Spectator notes at random, as follows: Israel Zangwill, "All forms of locomotion except ballooning." Lord Roberts, "Hunting, bicycling." Herbert Spencer, "Was given to salmon and sea-trout fishing until prevented by ill health." Sir Robert Giffen, "Whist and chess." Julia Ward Howe, "Reasonable society, music, club meetings." George Meredith, "A great reader, especially of French literature; has in his time been a great walker." George Bernard Shaw, "Anything except sport." (This should perhaps be accompanied by the preceding sentence as an explanation: "Diet—vegetarian.") Tommaso Salvini, "Very fond of billiards." Poultney Bigelow, on the

other hand, "No indoor sports." Sir Henry Irving, "Acting" (another illustration of a man's inability to get away from his work). Thomas Hardy, "Cycling, architecture." Father Ignatius, "Eight services a day in Llanthony Abbey Church." Miss Jeannette Gilder, "Loafing in Europe." John Burroughs, "Walking, fishing." Sir Charles Dilke, "Rapier fencing, light-pair rowing, best-boat sculling, riding." Lady Dilke, "Riding, book-collecting." Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to have no recreations, but her husband is addicted to "shooting, formerly cricket." The Countess of Warwick has "the encouragement of gardening as a hobby; is an expert horsewoman; hunts with Warwickshire and Essex hounds; both at Warwick Castle and Easton Lodge has established a complete organization for welfare of poor and nursing of sick; is a great reader; reads every important new book." Major-General Eardley-Wilmot, "Polo, cricket, shooting, fishing, pig-sticking, tent-pegging, lime-cutting." The two last-named amusements seem to have the flavor of novelty to an American. But they are a long way off from seradipity.

One of the strangest revelations of character here given is that of General Weyler, formerly of Cuba, now of Madrid. His gentle spirit finds refreshment in "country life, and (most favourite) riding; he does not smoke nor drink spirits; he is not fond of bull-fighting, very little of music, theater, and all public recreations." A Spaniard, and not a smoker or drinker! A Weyler, and not fond of the bull-fight! Perhaps it is true, however, that soldiers like to get away from suggestions of gore in their recreations; it seems to be so in the case of another soldier of better reputation, namely, General Baden-Powell, who amuses himself with "ballooning, yachting, and cycling," as well as with shooting. The Spectator will close his quotations with one about a war correspondent of some note, Mr. Charles Williams, who recreates himself with "fishing, photography, ritual, reading, naval trips." Pray what precisely may "ritual" mean in that connection? The Spectator would include this among the unsolved problems suggested by his search for the elusive amusement.

Among the Deep-Sea Fishermen¹

By Wilfred T. Grenfell

IN 1883, while I was studying medicine at the London Hospital in White-chapel, I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent in the slums of Stepney. There was singing going on inside, and curiosity led me in.

As I left with the crowd, I came to the conclusion that my religious life was a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up or make it real. It was obviously not a thing to be played with.

I was then playing on several athletic teams, and confess that the idea of a sneer and a cold shoulder had no attractions for me, and it had never occurred to me that popularity might be too dearly paid for at the price of my own independence.

Some time later I heard that one of England's famous cricketers, whose athletic distinctions I greatly admired, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, was going to speak in the neighborhood, and I went to hear him. Seated all in front of me there were two or three rows of boys from a training-ship, all dressed in the same uniform. At the end of his speech Mr. Studd invited any one who was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Master for this life, rather than a kind of insurance ticket for the next world, to stand up. I was both ashamed and surprised to find that I was afraid to stand up. I did not know I was afraid of anything. One boy out of all this large number rose to his feet. I knew pretty well what that meant for him, so I decided to back him up and do the same.

With this theological outfit, I started on my missionary career. What to do was the next question. I went to the parson of a church where I occasionally attended, and offered myself for a class of boys in his Sunday-school. They were down-right East Londoners, and their spiritual education needed other capacities than those I had, in my mind, till then endowed the Sunday-school teacher with. I remember being surprised that one boy, whom I carried to the door by the seat

of his trousers and heaved into the street, objected by endeavoring to kick, while his "pals" in the school were for joining him in open mutiny. He got the last word, however, by climbing up outside the window and waving a hymn-book which he had stolen.

The next time I arrived the boys had got in before me (and out also), and the pictures and furniture were not as I had left them. I started to reform them in the ways that appealed most to myself, and, having a house of our own, with four other medical students, we used to clear our dining-room furniture through the window, and replace it with a horizontal bar and a couple of pairs of boxing-gloves. We were able to lead in these things our noisiest boys, and they learned to control their own tempers and respect our capacities more.

We amalgamated with the boys also for the purpose of escaping together from the slums when the summer holiday came on. After my first experience of some of my poor lads' masters, we felt like starting a physical missionary enterprise of a different kind for their behoof.

We hired a car and went to North Wales, taking with us tents, etc. The simplest possible outfit of food and clothing was provided. The boys developed in every way—one, indeed, bloomed into the strong man in a traveling circus.

My medical course being finished, I began to cast about for some way in which I could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man and combine it with a desire for adventure and definite Christian work. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner, who had twice helped us at our camps, and for whom I had been doing the work of an "interne" at the London Hospital, suggested my seeing if a doctor could live at sea among the deep-sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the Society of which he was a member of the council. Work in the London docks had made me familiar with the sailing vessels that one associated with "deep sea" voyages, and I innocently went to the east coast expect-

¹ An explanatory statement about Dr. Grenfell's personality and work among deep-sea fishermen will be found in an editorial on another page.—THE EDITORS.

ing a two-thousand-ton vessel. Only a fear for my reputation prevented my backing out of it when I stepped aboard a fishing-smack of sixty tons burden—about the size of a canal barge.

The idea of the mission was to preach the Gospel to these men of the sea, whose inclinations did *not* lead them to prayer-meetings when, for a few days, after months at sea, they patronized the land. Before one of their smacks, on arriving in port, had heard the last of her anchor-chain running through the hawse-pipe, some one was over the rail—and that some one was not a missionary.

To complete the circle, grog vessels had found their way to sea and accompanied every aggregation of vessels. They were known by the genial name of “hells,” for they pandered, whenever a man could leave his ship, to every lust of a strong nature.

The indescribable scenes on these vessels almost passed belief. A number of skippers had been drinking all one night. A quarrel arose while they were sitting half intoxicated in the cabin. One man threw the lamp at another, and the paraffin quickly soaked his clothes. My informant told me: “Bill wuz spread snorin’ on the floor, ’is jersey soaked in paraffin, when one of ’em threw the match ’e wuz a-lightin’ his pipe with on ’im. Bill wuz a mass of flames in ’arf a minute. Swore like —. ’E cleared up on deck and I wuz jus’ in time to see ’im jump over the rail. . . . No, we never saw any more of ’im.”

The outlook for success in a “mission” ship was not very encouraging. Generous prophets predicted a three months’ existence when a small smack was hired by a few independent laymen and was sent to sea with a net alongside to help her to maintain herself. She had no missionary on board except the skipper, whose best qualification was that he had been turned out of his own vessel because he had refused to fish on Sundays, though he was a well-known successful fisherman. He had preferred to walk about on the quay, and see his children hungry, to surrendering his principles and doing that which he believed to be wrong. There were not *many* such men in the fleets in those days. To encourage him, the necessary qualification for success was engraved on his

wheel: “Jesus said, *Follow Me . . .* and I will make you fishers of men.” To solve the problem of fishing on Sundays he was told he must catch more fish in six days than any one else did in seven—which he did, and that this is possible twenty years’ experience of many mission fishing-boats has never failed to confirm.

The skipper’s first sermon was preached in this wise: The admiral of the fleet and three burly skippers had come aboard to inspect the new arrival, and had given it as their solemn opinion that what fishermen wanted was not “this ’ere cant, but more whisky.” For a fisherman is always dry inside, if he is wet out. The skipper got them below, showed them the cheerful bright cabin, treated them to the most generous pot of tea that they had had for a long time, and then produced four long, well-knitted, and warm mufflers.

“Look yere, Joe,” he said to the admiral, “do y’ see them ’ere mufflers?”

The admiral took them and overhauled them. “What do they cost, Bill?” he said.

“If ye like ’em, I’ll give ’em ter ye, on one corndishion.”

“What’s that?” said the admiral.

“W’y, that ye’ll admit there is love in ’em, fer the ladies as knit them ’ere mufflers never seed yer, did they?”

“That’s right,” said the men.

“W’y, then, they must ’ave loved yer to send yer these mufflers.”

“That’s right,” they all chimed in.

“Well, then, there ye are—take ’em.”

The four men took the mufflers and thanked the skipper, whereupon he replied, “’Ow much more must Jesus Christ ’ave loved yer, when ’e gave ’imself for yer!”

If sermons are to be valued by their success, this was a great sermon, for three men not only admitted it as a theory, but before leaving the ship that night, after tears had stained those bronzed cheeks, to which they had been foreign for many a year, they decided to try and return that love, and to the day of his death Joe Quester, admiral of the “Short Blue Fleet,” was an effective missionary among his admiring followers.

There seems to be a love of music in all those who do business in great waters, and this has been turned to good account in attracting men to the mission vessels.

I have heard the solitary watch, as he jumped up and down by the mast during the long hours of a wintry night, while the wind was howling through the cordage and every now and then the top of some watery mountain struck the ship and left her shivering like an aspen, singing to himself, hour after hour.

The men love getting together for singing. When the bulkheads between the cabins were removed, and the large hold thus made was crowded with men gathered round the rolling harmonium, balancing themselves on seats made of fish-boxes, their stentorian voices raised a pæan of praise, which did not jar on one's ears, though some did not know the tune, and, unwilling to be left out, were impressing the nearest tune they did know into the *service*.

Cheerful reading matter, especially pictures which all can read, was an attraction to the men, and so was always kept on the mission ship. Checkers, or draughts, is a great fishermen's game. They have regular "checker tournaments" and "checker clubs," so these in plenty and other simple games were provided to help to lure the men under the influence of the mission ship and to solve the question of the long hours in calm weather formerly devoted to "sprees" on the grog ship. But there was one influence fatal to complete success. Deprived of almost every form of relaxation and luxury, almost all the fishermen used tobacco. This could be bought off the floating grog-shops for thirty-five cents a pound, as it paid no duty, most of these vessels being from Holland or France. Work as the skipper would, there was ever a stream of visitors to the grog vessels for tobacco, and it must indeed be bad weather when a fisherman wouldn't throw out his boat to board the grog-shop if he wanted tobacco. I have seen them do it more than once in a double-reef breeze.

What could be done to turn the tide?

Things reached a climax at last. A young Yorkshire skipper who had left a wife, two young children, and a happy home on the land—himself pledged not to touch the liquor—had weakly visited the grog vessel to get tobacco. He was at once asked to drink, but refused. He was dared. He refused. He was dared to take "von leetle drop." In a fatal

moment he mistook what real courage meant, and tossed off a glass of aniseeded brandy. Alas, it didn't end there!

At night, as he had not returned, and the wind was rising, his mate came for him, and the crew of the grog vessel dumped the now unconscious skipper into the small boat. With great difficulty the crew dragged his insensate body on to his own vessel and laid him in the lee scupper to cool off, while they reefed the ship down to meet the threatening storm.

A little later the spray driving over the ship roused the skipper, and, staggering to his feet, he came aft to the tiller. "Give us the tiller, Ben," he said. "No, no, skipper, you are not well enough to steer. Go down and turn in; we'll look after the ship." "Give us the tiller," roared the skipper; "I'll steer the old ship to hell if I like." He had scarcely seized the helm when a sea struck the rudder, she kicked, and the tiller, catching him in the belly, flung him over the side.

He was lost in the darkness, without a sound.

Sadly, with flag half-mast, the craft picked her way homewards, and the mate had the duty of telling the wife that her children were fatherless and that her fine young husband had found a drunkard's grave at sea.

Efforts were at once made to get the British Government to allow the mission vessels to clear for the high seas with tobacco in bond. Permission was refused, so, to enable the ships to compete with the grog vessels, a consignment of tobacco was sent to Ostend. A mission ship was detailed to leave her fishing-gear at sea and run in as a trader and fetch it.

Some reliable fisherman in each fleet where there was no mission ship accepted the responsibility of a supply for his fleet, thus preaching the Gospel in one of the only ways he could. A fathom and a half of blue bunting on his foretopmast stay was the text he preached from; it was called "The Tobacco Flag." He was instructed to sell it at twenty-five cents per pound, which just paid the expenses, and also to lay as far away as possible from the grog vessel, that men coming for the cheaper tobacco would not be able to visit the grog vessels the same day.

The measure met with complete success; the tide of men was turned to the mission

ships, and the day of the grog vessel was closed. The Government, recognizing the great value of the work, now gave the required permission for a bonded store, and this was soon followed by an international convention permitting a gunboat of any nation to search and seize any vessels selling liquor on the high seas. A faddist once reasoned with the skipper about the wickedness of selling tobacco. "You ain't tried it," he replied; "it's the best 'baccar anywhere."

It was very soon found that a still further incentive to bring the fishermen aboard could be found in a small dispensary added to each ship. Concentrated mixtures plainly labeled for their purposes were supplied. The skippers were sent to London, and not only were trained to take the ambulance certificate, but were sent to hospitals and taught how to attend minor ailments. The fisherman has an inordinate love for medicine, and especially for anything that sticks—in the way of a plaster. This tendency was turned to good effect.

One day aboard a ship I moved a sailor's long boot; a bottle of medicine fell out which I had given him an hour or so previously. I asked him, "Why do you keep your medicine in your boot, skipper?" "Lest the other men should find it out; they drank the other bottle you gave me before I had a chance."

Serious cases were sent, lashed on a newly invented stretcher, by fish-carrier to London. More than once I have admitted to the London Hospital injured men who had thus traveled up for several days, and had been carried from ship to ship, over a rough sea, and eventually landed at Billingsgate with the fish.

Creditable as the results were to the mission skippers, it was a patent fact that in the larger fleets a doctor was the only efficient preacher in this line, so when it was found that doctors could live at sea, larger vessels were built, a hospital added below decks, and quarters provided for a mission surgeon.

I must not forget, however, that which, most of all, makes it easy for a fisherman, shy as he is, to begin an acquaintance with mission folk, especially a man whose notorious life would have been a bar against his coming aboard "one of them Gospel ships" at all. This was the fact

that in the mission ship all were brother fishermen. Many a man has first come aboard, as he said, "to lend a hand scrap-in' down the spars" or "to give yer an hour mendin' the net" that had been torn in the night, or to "lend a hand to clear up the fish"—using an excuse that made him feel that he had a right to come.

The factor which helps largely to take a fisherman into a saloon is the five cents in his pocket; it gives him a *right* to go. This, too, has been turned to good account by the mission on the land. For the work begun at sea had to be supplemented by Homes on the land, where the men had a right to go. Each of these Homes was influenced and inspired by some consecrated Christian lady, who voluntarily came and lived near it, and so lent the influence of a good woman (a most powerful factor in influencing sailors). But the caretaker was always a fisherman steward, who had graduated with first-class honors on a mission vessel at sea, a man who, the fishermen knew well, *really loved* to listen to their conversation about fish—fish—fish—or, say, the direction of the wind ten years before. No landsman but would be bored in time by it. Our object was to provide, not for what pleased us, but what would attract them. The Home was theirs. They had a *right* to go in and *buy* the refreshments there offered, and pay for a bed not attached to the saloon, when, as was often the case, their own home was in the country away from the sea. They could rent and be conscious owners of a locker to keep their "store clothes" when they were fishing out of some port alone, away from their own wardrobes.

When the steam fishing vessels began to replace the more picturesque yawls, the mission had either to follow suit or fall astern. It has at sea, at the present moment, besides ten other vessels, four large hospital steamers, three having cost over \$60,000 each. The best testimonial to the social revolution that has been so long taking place has been from the police magistrates and the police themselves. Encouraged by results in 1892, I was loaned the largest of the sailing vessels, a craft of ninety-seven tons burden, in which we sailed to the Labrador coast to see whether among English-speaking fishermen of the

Northwest Atlantic similar results might not be achieved there.

In three months we had nine hundred patients, to whom we could thus commend our Gospel with pills and plasters, without fear of denominational interference, besides witnessing a condition of poverty to which we had been quite strangers over on the other side. Unable to do on the ship to those men as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances, we called on the way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land, and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if they built it.

We have now three hospitals on that desolate coast—not palaces for pain such as one sees in these great cities, but humble wood buildings where a qualified doctor and trained nurse reside, where besides their own rooms they have a dozen beds for sick people, a convalescent room, an operating room, and an isolation ward. These places are not hospitals only but hostels, places to which any one and every one is expected to come in sickness or any other kind of trouble whatever. Needless to say, they come often very long distances in their boats in summer, or in dog-sleighs in winter. We do our part in the summer, cruising in the hospital ships, the largest of which I serve as captain, and in winter by traveling from place to place—moving practically all the time, only making the hospital, which is kept open by the nurse, the headquarters to which we return whenever we think it necessary.

Here other methods of commending our Gospel are also open to us, owing to the extraordinary poverty and isolation of the people. Lack of experience made us satisfied for the first three years to try and cope with the question of hunger and nakedness, by collecting and distributing warm clothing, and assisting the people in various ways to get food.

It was not until 1896 that, seeing the futility of giving financial help to men who had to pay from \$7 to \$8 for a barrel of flour worth \$4, and \$2.50 to \$3 for a hogshead of salt which could be bought at St. John's for \$1, we set to work to find a new sermon to preach on this subject. Many of our most piteous cases

at hospital were the direct fruit of chronic semi-starvation. Thus our people fell victims, to tuberculosis of glands and bones, only owing to the marasmus induced by insufficient food. This was more especially the case among children. A universal system of truck business prevailed: the "catch" of to-morrow was mortgaged for the food of to-day. The people seldom or never saw cash. The inevitable results were poverty, thriftlessness, and eventually hopelessness. The contention of the trader was always that the men's poverty was because they did not catch enough to support themselves. The answer was that they got enough to support at least thirty traders.

We started a sermon with a co-operative store as a text. The people round it were all heavily in debt; most winters they received so much government relief to keep them from actual starvation that the place was known as "The Sink." The people were almost all illiterate and knew nothing about business, and the little store went through varying fortunes. They had very, very little money to put in, and even that they were afraid to put in under their own names, for fear the traders should find out and punish them. One trader wrote me denying our right to interfere with *his* people, as if those whom he had tried to lead me to think were only the recipients of his "charity" existed solely for the benefit of his trade. I need not say that we had now to regret gaps in the prayer-meetings once filled so fervently by our friends the enemy.

Looking at the results of the sermon seven years afterwards, I find the people clothed, fed, independent, with a new little church building, and children far-and-away better clad and educated. The movement has spread; there are now five co-operative stores, with a schooner called the "Co-operator" which carries their products to and from the markets. The price of flour has uniformly kept under \$5 a barrel; the price of salt has been reduced nearly 50 per cent., and other things in proportion. We have had many troubles, owing to poor fisheries, our own ignorance of methods of business, and to our isolation. But our storekeepers and crew are Christian men, well aware that the best Gospel they can preach is to keep the store for Christ. As a contrast,

I sent down a young friend from Boston, who had once been a preacher on the coast, giving him \$100 for his holiday to stay at this first store and "teach them how to manage a co-operative store." He was some three days at the store himself, seeing "nothing to do." The rest he spent preaching along the coast. The consequence was the store suffered very materially, for I was home next year, and the people, afraid to handle their money, left the whole of their capital in the bank. I don't know that the memory of his sermons is a justification for his view of what was "most important" to the kingdom of God on the coast.

One of our chief troubles with our people was the long enforced idleness of the winter and the consequent necessity of living largely on the summer "catch." This necessitated their remaining scattered on the chance of catching fur-bearing animals in the winter, even if the actual "catch," as was often the case, didn't amount to a barrel of flour for the whole time. This again prevented their children being reached for educational purposes. It was long a problem to us what ought to be done to meet the difficulty. Eventually we took up a grant of timberland on which the Newfoundland Government permitted me special conditions, and we started to aggregate the people in winter by affording them remunerative work about the mill. To this we have added a small schooner-building yard, and hope shortly to add a cooperage, as we use many barrels in the fish industry. We have gathered together about this small effort this winter some two hundred and fifty people. A small school-house has been erected, and those who are managing the mill know that this effort is their text from which they are to preach their sermon.

There can be no question that the Christ would to-day support all manly and innocent pastimes. So, to meet the needs of the long wintry evenings, we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods; and seal-

skin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

The toys which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the north had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Anyhow, the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations which formed oases in our own child life. We have turned the current of toys back to the north again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas trees no less a message of the love of God on the birthday of the Saviour to these many birthdayless children who thus keep their own on that day.

We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Some years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sand-spit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm; it was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children." I was glad she could not speak at the prayer-meetings. Perhaps, after all, we grade our Christians by a wrong standard.

How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? Is it one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?

In what relation would the Christ stand to-day to wrong-doing? On our wild and almost uncharted coast, where the visits of strangers are very rare, many wrecks occurred that, to say the least, suggested to the underwriters that no illegal efforts had been made to save them. We were

asked by Lloyds' Underwriting Agency to act as agents for them and furnish reports in case of losses occurring. At first we declined, fearing that the kind of espionage which would be necessary would be likely to interfere with our "spiritual" work. Later we began to think it was not necessary to knock all the spirit out of men to make them "spiritual," so we accepted the post of Magistrate for the coast, and also Lloyds' agency.

Steaming down a long fjord late in October, we picked up the crew of a small steamer wrecked on the north shore. After landing the men for the last boat south to take them home, we returned and raised the steamer—hauled her keel out of water at low tide, and found the only damage was a hole driven with a crowbar in her bottom. In endeavoring to tow her some six hundred miles south to St. John's, Newfoundland, we lost her in a gale of wind at sea, and with her our evidence of the crime.

It did not take us long to find out that this blow at unrighteousness had made us more enemies than many sermons. We have a saying that "it is only when you really tread on the devil's tail that he will wag it"—perhaps a modern synonym for "no cross, no crown." So long as the battle with sin is fought with kid gloves on, there will never be any need of the "fellowship of suffering." Last season, after every one had left the coast, report that a large vessel loaded with fish and fully insured had been lost on the rocks six hundred miles north reached St.

John's. Owing to the rapidly forming ice, we were doubtful if it was possible to get at the ship. But fortune favored us; we were able to get her, raise her, and, almost to our own surprise, we were able to tow her, in spite of December gales, safely to St. John's harbor. The consignee (the same man who had owned the steamer we lost, and who had "suffered other losses") was found guilty of barratry and sent down to penal servitude. It is said that the world consists of two kinds of people, "those who go out and try to do something" and those who "stay home and wonder they don't do it some other way." How would the critic look at this? Was it "missionary"?

One notices in the newspapers so much energy devoted to criticisms of what famous preachers say, some loudly declaiming against them for heterodoxy, others equally praising them. The most successful treatment for a tendency to confine religious zeal so largely to criticism would be to find more useful service in other directions. We are not told that the good Samaritan expressed any opinion of the priest or Levite. Is not the real problem of Christianity how best to commend it to the world? Can it most truly be advocated by word or deed? Can we afford to divorce the "secular" from the "religious," any more than the "religious" from the "secular"? It seems to me there is only one way to reach the soul—that is, through the body. For when the soul has cast off the body we cannot reach it at all.

Love, Let Me Walk with You

By Hanford C. Judson

Love, let me walk with you,
Love, let me silent be,
While the great stars fill the heaven above
With glimmering majesty.

God giveth the great stars names,
Sweet names we can not know;
But, Love, when I hear your footstep near,
As light as the airs that blow,

They fill my heart with the joy of light
That is from eternity.
And my soul is glad of their mystic names,
When, Love, you walk with me.

Where Is the West?

By William R. Lighton

AMONG the people of that region which we Westerners know as "the East" there is a persistent belief that if one of their number stands facing the north, there will be on his left, more or less out of reach, a big stretch of country, with vague boundaries and still more vague characteristics, which for some reason or other ought to be called "the West." The idea can be traced through a long line of descent, and has thus gained a factitious respectability, so that the Easterner is now quite willing to admit the word "West" to his vocabulary without close scrutiny of its credentials. Along with the word he adopts a shadowy notion that Western men, manners, and morals are somehow radically distinct from those of other communities—that Western affairs must always wear a unique complexion. Just what constitutes that distinction it is not easy for him to say. Nine out of ten Eastern folk would find it inconvenient to explain their understanding of where and what "the West" really is.

In fact, the question is quite complex; and its complexity increases with the passing years, as the old barriers are broken down and the many parts of the nation are knit more closely together. Much depends upon the point of view; and there are many viewpoints. The geographer has one theory; the captain of industry another; and there are the politician, the moralist, and (most confusing of all) the literary man, each eager to tell all about it, each sure he is right, and each at variance with every other. The whole argument has become a labyrinth, whose passages lead nowhere. The more we try to pin the matter down by hard and fast definitions, the more it eludes us.

It will not do to fix upon a mid-continent meridian and say that all the territory on one side shall be East and all on the other side West. Other and subtler distinctions would dissolve such a line at once. In point of physical boundaries "the West" has always been something of a vagabond, possessing a name without a local habitation. Originally "the West" meant the primeval wilderness; To the

first white dwellers on the Massachusetts coast, everything outside their own little domain was West; they only were Easterners. Then the Dutch settled on the Hudson; and forthwith that region was added to the East. So it went on, as the tide of migration swept farther and farther inland, until Ohio was East, then Indiana and Kentucky. The progressive conquest of the wilderness crowded the West westward to the Missouri, then to the Rocky Mountains, then to the shores of the Pacific. In our day Illinois does not like to be called a Western State; Iowa is almost as sensitive about it; Kansas and Nebraska are not sure that the term does not carry opprobrium. These States prefer the name "Interior"—or, if you insist, they will compromise on "Middle West." It is only when you get into Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana that you hear the people say, with a defiant frankness, "Yes, maybe we are Western. What are you going to do about it?" But if you go on to the Pacific, new confusion awaits you—the Californian speaks of Denver as "the East;" and to the Denverite, Kansas City is hopelessly Eastern, while Boston and New York are fairly Oriental. No, the West is not a definite place; the name is merely relative.

Other arguments have sought to designate the West by means of social idiosyncrasies. The pioneering of a new land separates men from the conventional institutions of organized society, from constitutions, codes, and creeds, and throws them back upon the native resources of human nature. Naturally, they set up some rude standards of behavior, standards in which fixedness counts for much less than adaptability. While a new society is finding itself, its institutions must be more or less fluid. The value of precedent and rule is reduced to the minimum; the value of primal insight into the underlying principles of manly honor and integrity is at its greatest. This does not mean that the people of the frontier are endowed with unusual moral steadfastness; it means that simplicity of motive is the dominant note in their life;

that they live according to their own perceptions, more than by precept and maxim. That has always been true of the American Border. Twenty years ago western Nebraska was almost as primitive in its social life as was England in the time of the Norman Conquest. The whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been in the same condition at one time or another. It was lawless, in a narrow sense, in that it was independent of statutes; yet it was governed by those basic old Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct which are not easily reduced to print, but which make the substratum of our civilization. Formal statutes were wanting, but the spirit out of which wise statutes grow was in full force.

Naturally, too, such freedom reacted upon the people and resulted in the production of those quaint and picturesque "types" upon which the maker of literature has seized with such avidity. The familiar "bad man" of Western lore was the product, not of wickedness, but of untrammelled freedom; he was merely the normal good man of older States escaped from the law-fenced highways of "back East," going across a wide expanse of open country at his own gait. For a time those little differences in manners were regarded as the distinguishing traits of the West, until time showed them to be ephemeral. They were never so much in the ascendant, even when the West was at its wildest, as appears from the pages of the border romance. From Bret Harte on down to the latest disciple of that school, writers of Western stuff have, without exception, exaggerated outward signs, while failing miserably to appreciate underlying motives; they have worked the idea of frontier lawlessness until it has become an article of the popular faith. We ought to know by this time that rank, red-shirted, loud-mouthed outlawry cannot dominate any Anglo-Saxon society, even in the much-abused "West." We are made of better stuff than that. These so-called Western "types" do not speak very well for the honesty of our literature. As a matter of fact, flagrant unrighteousness of motive or conduct was never more pronounced on the Western frontier than it is on the streets of New York to-day. There has been plenty of flamboyant picturesqueness, I grant, but no excess of

lawlessness. If there exists a separate West, its separateness must rest upon some other basis than that. Even the old-time picturesqueness has disappeared in great measure, as population has thickened and first rough makeshifts have been supplanted by politer forms. Courts of laws have succeeded the vigilance committees. They may not effect a greater degree of absolute justice, but they are more in keeping with racial traditions, and give us a sense of greater stability. Other expedients of frontier life have yielded in the same way, and with their passing has disappeared every outward symbol of disorder. If you will look at the matter without prejudice, you will discover that the balance of the law-abiding spirit is decidedly in favor of the West. In proportion to population, there is to-day twice as much crime in Massachusetts as in Nebraska.

Neither does the distinction lie in matters of educational achievement, except as these also show a balance in favor of the West. In proportion to population, Nebraska's expenditure for educational purposes is annually twice as great as that of Massachusetts; and in the same proportion illiteracy is reduced by one-half. Prairies and mountains are speckled with college towns. In point of efficiency in preparing men and women for the serious business of life, Western educational institutions are second to none. Some of the greatest industrial feats of this generation have been wrought in the Far West by men born, bred, and educated on the sunset side of the Missouri.

The question in my title must be answered by attending to the most recent developments in our life. There is, indeed, a West; but it does not exist by reason of certain geographical boundaries; neither does it depend upon ethical variance or literary tradition. Its outlines are not arbitrary, but rational.

This is an industrial nation. More than any other nation of earth, it measures the motives of its every-day life by the industrial scale. If any part is able to show independence of other parts, it will be an industrial independence. In this particular alone can the West be said to have a separate existence in the present day.

Ten years ago the working West was hopelessly dependent upon the older

East. Everything it had to sell in the world's markets had to go through Eastern channels; everything it bought came by way of the East. The vast corn and wheat fields of the prairies—an empire in themselves—sent almost every bushel of their surplus product to Duluth or Chicago, and thence to the Atlantic seaboard. The West, which grew the grain, had nothing to say about the price it would get for it; the Boards of Trade in Chicago, New York, and London fixed prices and dictated all the conditions of traffic; the producer could do nothing but accept such terms as were offered him. His millions of pounds of wool went the same way, along with his millions of untanned hides—it was all shipped to the East as raw material. Then, if he wanted a suit of clothes or a pair of boots, he must buy them in the East, made of wool and leather of his own production. In neither case had he anything to say about price.

A change has been wrought within the last decade. It began with the establishment of the vast packing-houses at various points on the Missouri River. These, by moving the market for live stock several hundred miles westward, gave a new impetus to stock-raising on the big prairies. But cattle, swine, and sheep that have been brought to maturity on grazing land are not yet ready for the packing-houses; they must first be corn-fattened. The multiplication of the herds was thus of threefold benefit: it turned to profitable account immense tracts of land unsuited to other uses; it made an increased demand for prairie corn; and it brought the corn market to the grower's very gate. With every year these Western-grown, corn-fattened cattle and swine come nearer and nearer to consuming the one-time troublesome surplus. The corn-grower is relieved of a great worry, while the prairie packing-houses are enabled to put their meats upon the world's markets at prices that defy competition. Here is at once the solution of a mighty economic problem and a definite answer to the question, "Where is the West?"

Within a very few years it will be seen of all men that "the West" is no longer a wild and woolly sort of No-Man's-Land, where spurred and pistoled bravos do nothing all day long but fling defiance in

the face of Heaven and its laws; it will be seen that "the West" has, by hard, patient, persistent labor, won an unequivocal station and dignity as the chief source of the world's food supply. Very few persons appreciate the volume of traffic in Western foodstuffs. Secretary Shaw, in a recent address in Chicago, declared that a single Western city (Minneapolis) now manufactures and sends abroad a carload of flour for every ten minutes of day and night, the year round. He said also that the Detroit River (one of the links in the Great Lakes traffic) carries four times as much tonnage as does the Suez Canal. The significance of these figures is tremendous; but it must be remembered that they represent only a small fraction of the whole commerce. Since 1890 the trans-Mississippi country has discovered that the logical outlet for its export trade is by way of the Gulf ports, rather than by New York and Baltimore; a very large proportion of Western meat and grain and flour is now sent to the South, and thence to Europe, with a large decrease in cost of transportation. The West is thus evolving a commercial independence of the Eastern States, saving to itself the percentage once paid to Eastern middlemen.

Heretofore the bulk of exported foodstuffs has gone to Europe; but within three or four years Asiatic markets have begun to yawn for American corn and wheat. In 1901, for the first time in her history, Nebraska sent trainloads of grain across the mountains to the Pacific ports, for shipment to India and China. This is but the beginning.

The Eastern States can have no considerable part in this. It seems not unlikely that agriculture will soon be a lost art in the East. Minneapolis can sell flour to the New York farmer for less money than it costs him to produce it on his own land; Omaha and Kansas City can sell dressed pork and beef to the farmer of Massachusetts and Connecticut for less money than it costs him to feed his own pig or cow.

From the first round billow of the corn-prairies of Indiana to the last field of wheat in the sunlit vales of California—there is the real West; the independent, powerful, proud, modern West—the world's inexhaustible food-garden.

International Police

By Lucia Ames Mead

"I BELIEVE in arbitration, of course, and in a stated International Congress—I have worked to promote that," said a Senator in the Massachusetts Legislature to me; "but when you peace people talk about ending war, I can't follow you. I think you will have to wait until the millennium; for so long as there is sin in the world there must needs be force." Doubtless there are some "peace men" who, like Tolstoi, decry all use of force; but the ordinary sensible man who is working to abolish national armaments, when the shrieks from Kishenev and the Congo ring in his ears, calls for a strong hand, and no milk-and-water policy. As he remembers the two thousand gangs of American anarchists who have torn open jail doors and hanged and burned untried men, and themselves gone unpunished, he believes there is still use in this world for the soldier.

But if he is a peace man who wants to make himself effective, he will not waste time in discussing the horrors of war and the beauties of peace. He will try to let in a light on a subject about which much sophistry has befogged the public's mind. His first proposition will be that the organized, authoritative force of this world is of two essentially different kinds. The one that we know most about is of comparatively recent origin; it is the police force. Time was, and not more than two or three centuries ago, when every man carried his own weapon and avenged his own wrong. To-day, in thoroughly civilized communities, he who avenges his own wrong becomes a criminal. The State has established a disinterested method of settling disputes according to evidence and justice. Force is employed, but not to settle the dispute. The policeman brings the contestants to a court. That is his function—to bring to court—and he uses only that modicum of force which is necessary to bring contestants to court. Often they come of their own accord, or, when brought, they usually venture little or no resistance. Then twelve men hear evidence for and against. No man may

be a juror who is interested personally in the dispute. Witnesses are brought, lawyers employed, law books studied. When the verdict is given, an impartial judge decrees sentence according to statutes made by another disinterested set of men called legislators. The whole transaction means that the result depends upon law and justice, not accident or the bulk of the contestants. The child has as good a chance of justice as the man. The function of the police is to bring to court and to take to prison according as the court orders. The policeman himself inflicts no punishment, and uses only such force as may be necessary to bring a stubborn man to trial. Let this be emphasized, for this use of force is almost universally confounded with that totally different use of force employed by armies and navies. National armies and navies have no analogy with the police, though nine college graduates out of ten argue as if they were analogous. The function of the police is to bring to court. The function of national armies and navies and the powers behind them is to execute without trial. Were the nations not living in anarchic relations with each other, armies and navies would be simply gigantic, organized lynchings. They listen to no arguments, weigh no testimony, are not disinterested, and do not force their antagonist to come to any court. Their settlement is made, not according to justice, but by brute force. Almost every attribute of the police force is lacking in army and navy. And yet we are incessantly told by some of the best and ablest of men that the navy polices our coast, that the army is our national police. The most fundamental and palpable divergence of functions is ignored, and the solution of the world's greatest problem is relegated to the millennium because of this curious kink in the reasoning faculties of many leaders of thought.

At the recent Mohonk Arbitration Conference I listened anxiously for one word on this confusing subject. Only one speaker, Mr. Edwin Ginn, the publisher, casually used the word that, if said with

emphasis and heeded; would have thrown a flood of light on what to most men seems hopelessly obscured. He said "the International Police." What would an international police do? It would bring stubborn nations to the World's Court with the same efficiency as the city police separate two men glaring at each other with murderous knives unsheathed, and drag them to the Police Court. Of what would the International Police be composed? Of a small body of armed men and battle-ships paid and organized by practically all the nations of the world and controlling them through a World Legislature which would make laws to be carried out by the Hague Court. We have the Hague Court. Next winter Congress will be asked to propose to the nations to establish an International Congress to meet at regular intervals to discuss international problems. This will not be a World Legislature, as its delegates will have, as at the Hague Conference, no power to do more than to refer questions to their nations for ratification. It must be a little time before the Congress can be formed. It may be decades before it develops into a genuine Legislature with power. But a World Legislature is as definitely bound to come as the Isthmian canal or the Cape to Cairo railroad. Not until it is established, and perhaps several decades after that, can we talk practically about forming an International Police; we must first, of course, all pledge ourselves to carry international differences to court. But though the period of complete national disarmament may be relegated to another century, it is of immense importance for the world to know that it is approximately near, that we need not wait until sin and quarrels have been banished from the earth before we find a rational way of treating them.

The police force will remain to bring men to court. The militia will remain to compel riotous mobs and lynchers to leave their quarrels and their vengeance to the courts. The international police will supplant the national, paid bodies of executioners who, under our present anarchic system of international relations, execute in absence of law, according to national whim or passion or prejudice. The reign of law has come in families, in cities, in the States, in the nations. It is coming

between the nations. There is no new principle to be invented, simply the extension of an old and tried principle.

We shall not arbitrate with savages, but the civilized nations will arbitrate about the lands and rights of savages. No one nation will be permitted by the other nations to steal their land and exploit them. The mutual self-interest of great nations, if nothing more, will demand justice for the weaker ones. Human nature will, no doubt, still have the tiger latent in it; but the tiger will be left dormant as there is less and less occasion to arouse it. Sin and cruelty and avarice will persist, but we shall treat them calmly, disinterestedly, not with the senseless passion of war. Civil war may remain an abstract possibility. The International Police is not an academic question, but a live, practical question. There is nothing that need prevent its being realized within a hundred years, if the leaders of thought in Europe and America see clearly and do what they are perfectly capable of doing. The action of the allied armies in China in the suppression of the "Boxers" gives a hint of what International Police may do.

For years Dr. Hale and others in America went up and down the land crying, "We must have an International Court;" when it came we welcomed it as a familiar thought. While we are busy making this court more and more efficient by enlarging the scope of cases brought to it, we must familiarize men with the next step to goals ahead of us—the World Legislature and the World Police. We must arouse the hopeless and give new courage to pessimists who assume that Christendom must continue to sink three billion¹ dollars annually simply to keep the peace. We must show a way out of the quagmires in which their hopes are sunk. City, State, and nation have been organized and put under the reign of law. The world will likewise be organized and put under the reign of law, and when that is done we shall not have abolished force, or wickedness, or punishment for wickedness, or civil war, but we shall have abolished wars between nations and national armies and navies.

¹ This includes interest on debt for past wars and part of the wages lost by millions of unproductive soldiers.

THE FOREST¹

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter XVII.—On the Catching of a Certain Fish

WE settled down peacefully on the River, and the weather, after so much enmity, was kind to us. Likewise did the flies disappear from the woods utterly.

Each morning we arose as the Red Gods willed; generally early, when the sun was just gilding the peaks to the westward; but not too early, before the white veil had left the River. Billy, with woodsman's contempt for economy, hewed great logs and burned them nobly in the cooking of trout, oatmeal, pancakes, and the like. We had constructed ourselves tables and benches between green trees, and there we ate. And great was the eating, beyond the official capacity of the human stomach. There offered little things to do, delicious little things just on the hither side of idleness. A rod wrapping needed more waxed silk, a favorite fly required attention to prevent dissolution; the pistol was to be cleaned; a flag-pole seemed desirable; a trifle more of balsam could do no harm; clothes might stand drying, blankets airing. We accomplished these things leisurely, pausing for the telling of stories, for the puffing of pipes, for the sheer joy of contemplations. Deerskin slipper moccasins and flapping trousers attested our *dishabille*. And then somehow it was noon, and Billy again at the Dutch oven and the broiler.

Trout we ate, and always more trout. Big fellows broiled with strips of bacon craftily sewn in and out of the pink flesh; medium fellows cut into steaks; little fellows fried crisp in corn-meal; big, medium, and little fellows mingled in component of the famous North Country *bouillon*, whose other ingredients are partridges and tomatoes and potatoes and onions and salt pork and flour, in combination delicious beyond belief. Nor ever did we tire of them, three times a day, printed statement to the contrary

notwithstanding. And besides were many crafty dishes over whose construction the major portion of morning idleness was spent.

Now, at two o'clock, we groaned temporary little groans, and crawled, shrinking, into our river clothes, which we dared not to hang too near the fire for fear of the disintegrating scorch, and drew on soggy, hobnailed shoes, with holes cut in the bottom, and plunged with howls of disgust into the upper rifles. Then the cautious leg-straddled passage of the swift current, during which we forgot forever—which eternity alone circles the bliss of an afternoon on the River—the chill of the water, and so came to the trail.

Now, at the Idiot's Delight, Dick and I parted company. By three o'clock I came again to the River, far up, half-way to the Big Falls. Deuce watched me gravely. With the first click of the reel he retired to the brush away from the back-cast, there to remain until the pool was fished, and we could continue our journey.

In the swift leaping water, at the smooth back of the eddy, in the white foam, under the dark cliff shadow, here, there, everywhere, the bright flies drop softly like strange snowflakes. The game is as interesting as pistol-shooting. To hit the mark, that is enough. And then a swirl of water and a broad, lazy tail wakes you to the fact that other matters are yours. Verily the fish of the North Country are mighty beyond all others.

Over the river rests the sheen of light, over the hills rests the sheen of romance. The land is enchanted. Birds dip and sway, advance and retreat, leaves toss their hands in greeting, or bend and whisper one to the other; splashes of sun fall heavy as metal through the yielding screens of branches; little breezes wander hesitatingly here and there, to sink like spent kites on the nearest bar of sun-warmed shingles; the stream shouts and

¹ Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

gurgles, murmurs, hushes, lies still and secret as though to warn you to discretion, breaks away with a shriek of hilarity when your discretion has been assured. There is in you a great leisure, as though the day would never end. There is in you a great keenness. One part of you is vibrantly alive. Your wrist muscles contract almost automatically at the swirl of a rise, and the hum of life along the gossamer of your line gains its communication with every nerve in your body. The question of gear and method you attack clear-minded. What fly? Montreal, Parmachenee Bells, Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Professor, Brown Hackle, Cowdung—these grand lures for the North Country trout receive each its due test and attention. And on the tail snell what fisherman has not the Gamble—the unusual, obscure, multi-named fly which may, in the occultism of his taste, attract the Big Fellows? Besides, there remains always the handling. Does your trout to-day fancy the skittering of his food, or the withdrawal in three jerks, or the inch-deep sinking of the fly? Does he want it across current or up current? will he rise with a snap, or is he going to come slowly, or is he going to play? These be problems interesting, insistent to be solved, with the ready test within the reach of your skill.

But that alertness is only the one side of your mood. No matter how difficult the selection, how strenuous the fight, there is in you a large feeling that might almost be described as Buddhistic. Time has nothing to do with your problems. The world has quietly run down, and has been embalmed with all its sweetness of light and color and sound in a warm lethe bath of sun. This afternoon is going to last forever. You note and enjoy and savor the little pleasures, unhurried by the thought that anything else, whether of pleasure or duty, is to follow.

And so for long, delicious æons. The River flows on, ever on; the hills watch, watch always; the birds sing; the sun shines grateful across your shoulders; the big trout and the little rise in predestined order and make their predestined fight and go their predestined way either to liberty or the creel; the pools and the rapids and the riffles slip by up-stream as though they had been withdrawn rather than as though you had advanced.

Then suddenly the day has dropped its wings. The earth moves forward with a jar. Things are to be accomplished; things are being accomplished. The River is hurrying down to the Lake; the birds have business of their own to attend to, an' it please you; the hills are waiting for something that has not yet happened, but they are ready. Startled, you look up. The afternoon has finished. Your last step has taken you over the edge of the shadow cast by the setting sun across the range of hills.

For the first time you look about you to see where you are. It has not mattered before. Now you know that shortly it will be dark. Still remain below you four pools. A great haste seizes you.

"If I take my rod apart, and strike through the woods," you argue, "I can make the Narrows, and I am sure there is a big trout there."

Why the Narrows should be any more likely to contain a big trout than any of the three other pools, you would not be able to explain. In half an hour it will be dark. You hurry. In the forest it is already twilight, but by now you know the forest well. Preoccupied, feverish with your great idea, you hasten on. The birds, silent all in the brooding of night, rise ghostly to right and left. Shadows steal away like hostile spies among the tree-trunks. The silver of last daylight gleams ahead of you through the brush. You know it for the Narrows, whither the instinct of your eagerness has led you as accurately as a compass through the forest.

Fervently, as though this were of world's affairs the most important, you congratulate yourself on being in time. Your rod seems to joint itself. In a moment the cast drops like a breath on the molten silver. Nothing. Another try a trifle lower down. Nothing. A little wandering breeze spoils your fourth attempt, carrying the leader far to the left. Curses, deep and fervent. The daylight is fading, draining away. A fifth cast falls forty feet out. Slowly you drag the flies across the current, reluctant to recover until the latest possible moment. And so, when your rod is foolishly upright, your line slack, and your flies motionless, there rolls slowly up and over the trout of trouts. You see a broad side, the whirl

of a fan tail that looks to you to be at least six inches across—and the current slides on, silverlike, smooth, indifferent to the wild leap of your heart.

Like a crazy man, you shorten your line. Six seconds later your flies fall skillfully just up-stream from where last you saw that wonderful tail.

But six seconds may be a long, long period of time. You have feared and hoped and speculated and realized—feared that the leviathan has pricked himself, and so will not rise again; hoped that his appearance merely indicated curiosity which he will desire further to satisfy; speculated on whether your skill can drop the fly exactly on that spot, as it must be dropped; and realized that, whatever be the truth as to all those fears and hopes and speculations, this is irrevocably your last chance.

For an instant you allow the flies to drift down-stream, to be floated here and there by idle little eddies, to be sucked down and spat out of tiny suction-holes. Then cautiously you draw them across the surface of the waters. *Thump—thump—thump*—your heart slows up with disappointment. Then, mysteriously, like the stirring of the waters by some invisible hand, the molten silver is broken in its smoothness. The Royal Coachman quietly disappears. With all the brakes shrieking on your desire to shut your eyes and heave a mighty heave, you depress your butt and strike.

Then in the twilight the battle. No leisure is here, only quivering, intense, agonized anxiety. The affair transcends the moment. Purposes and necessities of untold ages have concentrated, so that somehow back of your consciousness rest hosts of disembodied hopes, tendencies, evolutionary progressions, all breathless lest you prove unequal to the struggle for which they have been so long preparing. Responsibility, vast, vague, formless, is yours. Only the fact that you are wholly occupied with the exigence of the moment prevents your understanding of what it is, but it hovers dark and depressing behind your possible failure. You must win. This is no fish; it is opportunity itself, and once gone it will never return. The mysticism of lower dusk in the forest, of upper afterglow on the hills, of the chill of evening waters and winds, of the glint

of strange phantoms under the darkness of cliffs, of the whisperings and shoutings of Things you are too busy to identify out in the gray of North Country awe—all these menace you with indeterminate dread. Knee-deep, waist-deep, swift water, slack water, down-stream, up-stream, with red eyes straining into the dimness, with every muscle taut and every nerve quivering, you follow the ripping of your line. You have consecrated yourself to the uttermost. The minutes stalk by you gigantic. You are a stable pinpoint in whirling phantasms. And you are very little, very small, very inadequate among these titans of circumstance.

Thrice he breaks water, a white and ghostly apparition from the deep. Your heart stops with your reel, and only resumes its office when again the line sings safely. The darkness falls, and with it, like the mysterious strength of Sir Gareth's opponent, falls the power of your adversary. His rushes shorten. The blown world of your uncertainty shrinks to the normal. From the haze of your consciousness, as through a fog, loom the old familiar forest, and the hills, and the River. Slowly you creep from that strange and enchanted land. The sullen trout yields. In all gentleness you float him within reach of your net. Quietly, breathlessly, you walk ashore, and over the beach, and an unnecessary hundred feet from the water, lest he retain still a flop. Then you lay him upon the stones and lift up your heart in rejoicing.

How you get to camp you never clearly know. Exultation lifts your feet. Wings, wings, O ye Red Gods, wings to carry the body whither the spirit hath already soared, and stooped, and circled back in impatience to see why still the body lingers! Ordinarily you can cross the riffles above the Half-Way Pool only with caution and prayer and a stout staff craftily employed. This night you can—and do—splash across hand-free as recklessly as you would wade a little brook. There is no stumble in you, for you have done a great deed, and the Red Gods are smiling.

Through the trees glows a light, and in the center of that light are leaping flames, and in the circle of that light stand, rough hewn in orange, the tent and the table and the waiting figures of your compan-

ions. You stop short, and swallow hard, and saunter into camp as one indifferent.

Carelessly you toss aside your creel—into the darkest corner, as though it were unimportant—nonchalantly you lean your rod against the slant of your tent, wearily you seat yourself and begin to draw off your drenched garments. Billy bends toward the fire. Dick gets you your dry clothes. Nobody says anything, for everybody is hungry. No one asks you any questions, for on the River you get in almost any time of night.

Finally, as you are hanging your wet things near the fire, you inquire casually over your shoulder:

“Dick, have any luck?”

Dick tells you. You listen with apparent interest. He has caught a three-pounder. He describes the spot and the method and the struggle. He is very much pleased. You pity him.

The three of you eat supper, lots of supper. Billy arises first, filling his pipe. He hangs water over the fire for the dish-washing. You and Dick sit hunched on a log, blissfully happy in the moments of digestion, ruminative, watching the blaze. The tobacco-smoke eddies and sucks upward to join the wood-smoke. Billy moves here and there in the fulfillment of his simple tasks, casting his shadow wavering and gigantic against the firelit trees. By and by he has finished. He gathers up the straps of Dick's creel, and

turns to the shadow for your own. He is going to clean the fish. It is the moment you have watched for. You shroud yourself in profound indifference.

“Sacré!” shrieks Billy.

You do not even turn your head.

“Jumping giraffes! why, it's a whale!” cries Dick.

You roll a blasé eye in their direction, as though such puerile enthusiasm wearies you.

“Yes, it's quite a little fish,” you concede.

They swarm down upon you demanding particulars. These you accord laconically, a word at a time, in answer to direct questions, between puffs of smoke.

“At the Narrows. Royal Coachman. Just before I came in. Pretty fair fight. Just at the edge of the eddy,” and so on. But your soul glories.

The tape-line is brought out. Twenty-nine inches it records. Holy smoke, what a fish! Your air implies that you will probably catch three more just like him on the morrow. Dick and Billy make tracings of him on the birch bark. You retain your lofty calm; but inside you are little quivers of rapture. And when you awake, late in the night, you are conscious first of all that you are happy, happy, happy, all through; and only when the drowse drains away do you remember why.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Pan-American Railway

By Charles M. Pepper

Special Commissioner

EVERY great enterprise must wait its turn. Especially is this so if it be of an international character. The Pan-American, or Intercontinental, Railway project has had a long wait. Its turn seems now to be coming.

The origin and conception of the plan are old. First the dreamer, musing on waking the sleeping richness of continents. Then the statesman with imagination, who grasps the idea in its bolder outlines. After him the captains of industry, the practical men of affairs who also have imagination.

The broad events which are converging

and are focusing the intercontinental railway project as a measure of the not remote future are easily seen, though their bearing may not yet be understood fully by busy persons whose minds are occupied in other fields. Among them are the changes of a political character which have come since the results of the Spanish-American War established the international relation of the North American Republic to its neighbors on the south. This relation properly may be studied in its influence on industrial and commercial development.

Then there is the coincident fact of

New York striving successfully for supremacy as the money center of the world. Though it is only dimly seen even by those who are the strategists and generals in this campaign, the increased prestige of New York inevitably will bring the financing of future Central and South American operations there. The \$500,000,000 American gold which has gone into Mexico has overflowed naturally in that country into railway-building, and it is a simple process for it to flow on south with the geographical current.

A final, determinate, and positive factor, and one which gives promise of the earliest results, is the construction of the isthmian canal. With this Government enterprise under way, there is the certainty of private projects for exploitation and development, and of these railways on either side of the canal reaching out into Central America and into Colombia are sure to be the outcome. They will form links in the Pan-American route.

With this understanding of the controlling conditions and circumstances, it is well to look to the actual groundwork for the intercontinental trunk line which may make it possible to go by rail from New York or San Francisco to Buenos Ayres. The period of public receptiveness for the gigantic plan has come. Thirty years ago and more a United States consul in South America, Hinton Rowan Helper, began the agitation for a three Americas' railway. Others also took up the idea. When James G. Blaine's dream began to take form and the First International Conference of American States was held in Washington in 1889-90, the Pan-American railway project was strongly urged by him. To his mind it was a leading element in the policy of which he was the exponent. Among the delegates of the United States to that Conference were former Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, a practical railway-builder, and Andrew Carnegie. The idea appealed to them as it did to Mr. Blaine, and probably in its industrial and commercial aspects even more than to the great Secretary of State.

This Conference adopted a series of strong resolutions favoring the building of the intercontinental railway, and as a first step recommended an international survey. President Harrison, in full sym-

pathy with Mr. Blaine, approved the project as vast but practicable, and recommended to Congress the appropriation necessary for this purpose, which was made. This fund was supplemented by the various governments.

With this authority, three corps of engineers were placed in the field under the direction of a commission of which Mr. A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was chairman. The surveys were made under the immediate supervision of Mr. William F. Shunk, eminent in his profession. The results were embodied in a series of reports which covered the territory from the northern border of Guatemala and along the Andes to the northern frontier of the Argentine Republic. Estimates also were made for projected surveys and connections with the railway systems of Brazil and Paraguay, as well as for a branch across from Colombia to Venezuelan seaports. Furthermore, the route was mapped out for a branch to the Colombian port of Cartagena on the Caribbean Sea.

The principals in this international survey modestly spoke of their work as a railway reconnaissance. It was more. Its technical value was unquestioned. The exposition of the engineering difficulties was explicit enough to furnish those who might want to doubt with grounds for their doubts, but among experienced railway-builders there were few to question the conclusions reached by the survey corps. These conclusions were that no engineering obstacles existed which could not be overcome, and that the cost of construction would be reasonable enough to justify the enterprise from the commercial standpoint. Nothing led to the belief that the engineering problems of the Andes which are yet to be solved were greater than those which had been solved by Henry Meiggs in Peru. The justification of this international survey is shown in the extent to which it has been followed in actual railway construction, and also as the basis for supplemental and independent reconnaissances by private enterprise. The published volumes, in both the technical and the general information which they give, are convincing literature of the feasibility and utility of a Pan-American intercontinental trunk line.

When the Second International Ameri-

can Conference met in Mexico in the winter of 1901-02, the intercontinental railway was a leading theme. Reports were made by the delegates of the different countries of their existing systems and of actual and projected railway construction. These reports were a tonic. They showed that the international survey in several instances was being used as the basis for railways under construction, and in other instances it was being tested for variations and branch feeders which might prove useful in the development of natural resources. It was shown that the Mexican system was almost complete, and that the time was not far off when New York, Chicago, or San Francisco would be in direct communication by rail with the heart of Central America. Other information told how the gaps were being closed in South America.

Since these reports were made, the line from Cordoba, near Vera Cruz, has been completed to a junction with the Tehuantepec isthmian railway, and the Mexican Government is pushing the construction of the Pan-American line from San Geronimo south towards the Guatemalan border. When this work is a little further advanced, the Guatemalan Government will take steps to close up the gap of thirty miles necessary to bring its railway system to the frontier of Mexico. American interests identified with the two trunk lines which enter the United States through the gateways of El Paso and Laredo already are reaching out for the traffic which may be had when this Central American connection is established.

The Government of the Argentine Republic has pushed the building of its railway lines from Jujuy, formerly the northern terminus, till they are now close to the boundary of Bolivia, and Bolivia also is encouraging the extension of its system south along the route of the intercontinental survey so as to connect with the Argentine system. Chili, which has a most extensive railway network, is encouraging the trans-Andean project that will bring Santiago into through rail connection with Buenos Ayres. Peru is also having an era of railway-building, some actual, more in prospect. By the end of the present year it is likely that the gaps between New York and Buenos Ayres on the intercontinental route will not aggre-

gate more than 4,700 miles, as against 5,200 miles when the last reports were made.

The second American Conference took practical steps, not only to conserve what had been done, but to encourage progress along definite and clearly marked lines. It adopted a series of recommendations, among others one that a permanent committee be appointed and that the United States be invited to initiate measures for sending representatives to the various countries to further the common aspiration for building the intercontinental railway. The permanent Pan-American Railway Committee thus designated is composed of Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia; Andrew Carnegie, of New York; Manuel de Aspiroz, Ambassador from Mexico; Manuel Alvarez Calderon, Minister from Peru; and Antonio Lazo Arriaga, Minister from Guatemala. Mr. Davis was a delegate to the Conference held in Mexico. The headquarters of the Committee are in Washington.

The Congress of the United States, at its last session, authorized the appointment of a Special Commissioner to carry out the recommendations of the Mexican Conference with regard to the Pan-American Railway. The President, at the suggestion of the Secretary of State, made the appointment, and instructions have been issued to the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States to co-operate with the Special Commissioner. The Ministers of the various Governments of the Latin-American countries accredited in Washington also have taken measures to insure the success of the mission. The Commissioner will visit the capitals of all the countries to the south of the United States.

This is the status of the subject as it exists to-day. No illusions cloud it. The broad fact is that the Government of the United States and the Governments of the other Republics are disposed to work in unison, and with this co-operation and encouragement the links in the Intercontinental American Railway gradually may be welded together. On the part of the Central and South American countries there is the basic notion of affirming their own unity by the closer connection which railway communication establishes. There is, moreover, the substantial advantage

which comes from the exploitation of their natural resources and the development of their commerce. Railroads are built from many motives. They live by the traffic which they develop and create.

In a general way, it may be assumed that accurate information with respect to the existing systems of Central and South American railroads, the lines projected, the resources which are awaiting development by further building, the code of laws under which the railways are operated, the special inducements for foreign capital in the form of concessions, subsidies, land grants, guarantees of interest and principal of bonds, if presented under the sanction of official statements, will have a direct interest for the overflowing American capital which within a few years will begin to turn southward in search of greater returns than it gets at home.

Without reflecting on their ignorance, it may be said that the American people know little of the existing South American railways and less of the projects and possibilities. They do not know how the Brazilian lines are largely the work of Brazilian engineers; how near the little inland river-bordered Republic of Paraguay is to joining its line with the Argentine network; how complete are the systems of the Argentine Republic and of Chili, and how near realization is the trans-Andean project.

Kindred to this main subject of the Pan-American Railway is the question of river communication. It, too, is a vast subject, yet is thoroughly practicable. Those who would understand the full scope of connecting the intercontinental trunk line by means of branches with the inland waterways of South America should read the report made to the Mexican Conference by the distinguished Colombian, General Rafael Reyes. He, with his brothers, Henry and Nestor, both of whom perished in the work, explored the greater part of the Amazon and its affluents.

"The extension of the territory that these rivers irrigate," says General Reyes, "is more than 4,000,000 square miles, which are to-day virgin soil and which are offered to commerce and to human industry." In his intensely interesting and graphic account he gives a most compre-

hensive idea of the course which an American traveler might follow after going from New York to Buenos Ayres by rail. This would take the traveler on the Rio de la Plata and the Parana to the Amazon, and through its affluents into Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador; then to Colombia and to Venezuela through the branches of the Orinoco, and back to the Amazon.

Compared with the great transcontinental routes the Pan-American Railway project is not wonderful. Now that passengers may take their little journey to Moscow, and then proceed across Siberia to Port Arthur or Vladivostok, reaching the Pacific in less than eighteen days, the trip from New York to Buenos Ayres should be included in future itineraries. It is true that instead of an autocratic government, with cogent military and political reasons for building a vast railway line, the Pan-American Railway requires the co-operation of many governments. It requires also the confidence which these must inspire on the part of private capital. But, instead of costing \$400,000,000, with perhaps an additional \$200,000,000 to be expended within a period of five or six years, the Pan-American links, according to the estimates of the engineers, can be brought together for less than one total expenditure of \$200,000,000. It may be said that each of the Central and South American countries has the same political reason for completing within its own links a railway system that the Czar of Russia had for constructing the trans-Siberian line. Beyond this is the common interest which will be promoted by a trunk line and feeders joining three continents. Railway development means commerce, and commerce is civilization. The mightiest factor in South American civilization will be railroad communication.

The Pan-American Railway idea has the support of enthusiasts, but of enthusiasts who have behind them the record of achievement. It is these achievements that give encouragement to the younger generation, who also may catch some of their enthusiasm. When Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Davis, and men of similar persistent purpose, leave the doubters to discuss the obstacles, and give the indorsement of their wide practical experience to the

general plan, others safely may follow them.

There are further measures which preserve the continuity of the idea. The second International American Conference, besides appointing a permanent Pan-American Railway Committee, provided that at a future date an assembly be called of authorized representatives of all the Republics of this hemisphere interested, for the purpose of perfecting a convention to arrange for the construction of the proposed intercontinental

railway. It also provided for the holding of a third International Conference within a few years, when the work that has been done towards carrying out its recommendations may be reviewed, and fresh impetus be given the general policy of drawing the nations of America into closer relation. It is almost needless to mention the sympathetic interest which President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have shown in this subject, of which the Pan-American Railway is one of the most important elements.

The Heart of the Dream

By Katharine Holland Brown

"THIS is the way." Tom clutched her arm with a lean, eager hand. Harriet looked up at him, keenly anxious. From New York to southern Illinois had been a long ride for a man just up from pneumonia. She put up her hand and stroked his gray young head.

"Hurry slower, Tom. It has waited for you twenty years. Let it keep on waiting a minute longer."

"Just like a girl!" Tom's big-boy laugh rang challenging music through the sleepy orchard. Harriet's cheek burned to rose. When one has married at thirty, petting comes not amiss, even after eight wedded years. "So you're jealous! Jealous of the poor little brier-patch my youth lies buried in! I always did suspect it."

"I'm jealous of every rock and acorn and fence-rail on the place!" snapped Harriet, chin aloft. "You've been telling me of that wonderful woods, and the pasture, and the big brook where you learned to swim, ever since we were married, and you've sighed and languished for them till I've wanted to come out and cuff the Dryad's ears. The hussy! To keep you tied to her apron-strings all these years!"

"It was a good long string, and I had no end of sea-room." Tom pinched her cheek, then laughed again at her face of reproach. "There's not even a chipmunk to see us, child. This isn't Broadway. Come, let's run for it."

A chill of foreboding swept her heart. "Tom!" She caught his wrist and held him back, all too easily. "Have you thought—maybe—it won't be the same?"

"Oh, but Jim Burroughs was here last year, on his way through from California; and he said it hadn't changed, not a leaf nor a twig. Don't croak, Harry. Yes, I know; the town is awful." He swept East Clarkesville with a fling of scorn. "Poor Sis, you thought you were coming to classic vales and rural shades, and all that, didn't you? And you found brick walks and automobiles, and all the girls wearing Colonial shoes by mail order, with gilt buckles, and blue ribbon roses in their hair, just like the society leaders up in Chicago. It's too bad. But the real place will make up for it. Ah, it is a real place, Harry. You'll see!"

He scrambled over the low worm fence, then helped her dutifully from rail to rail, with serious regard for her crisp ruffles. Their way led past the orchard down a cool shaded road, all snow-flecked with clover, then up the railroad embankment, steep and glaring in the high spring sun. Harriet trod the hot sand with wary steps; these were her best shoes, and she quailed before the thought of scuffing them. Yet her eyes followed her husband; her breath caught sharply when he stumbled once and wavered a moment before he won his balance again. It was so hard not to help!

"It's right across there." Tom waited for her and pulled her free hand into his own, then dragged her on down the embankment. He laughed out, nervously. Transparent color brimmed the hollow of his cheek. "You're a good girl, and I'm a greedy, to haul you out here on our

first vacation, just because—but maybe you'll like it?" His eyes implored her.

"I wanted to come even worse than you did," she vowed, briskly. "Don't let's be sentimental, Tom."

"Well, then—" he snatched her hand and they ran like children down the sandy hill, then pushed their way through a hedge of wild crab-apple, tossing rosy and sweet. Here they stopped. Tom straightened his shoulders with a hard breath; Harriet looked down quietly into the wonderland of her husband's boyhood dreams.

It was just as he had described it, time and again. There was the wooded slope on which they stood, bedded thick in moldering leaves. A thread of a brook trickled brown past their feet; the hollowed interval below was carpeted gray with pungent mint, and scrolled in pink with clover. Beyond, the brook widened to silver; a sea of young timothy, rippled with racing shadow, tossed misty waves against the keener green of hillside wheat.

"It's exactly as it used to be." Tom's voice was oddly subdued. "Look, Harry! Friar Tuck used to paddle up that slope, heaving like an old porpoise, his cowl hung back so he could puff; sometimes Don Quixote would come along on Rosinante and give him a lift up the hill; sometimes he climbed on behind the Black Knight and rode to the tilt-yard with him. See that big maple yonder? Rebecca used to kneel by it, all in her white dress, with her black hair streaming to her knees, waiting for her champion—it was only a sapling then, but it made a first-rate stake if you piled dead leaves around it for fagots. I couldn't begin to count the number of times I've spurred down the hill, into the lists, to rescue her," he chuckled softly. "And down there, where the brook slips under the fence, they used to come by shoals, the biggest crowd! Catherine de' Medici washing her bloody hands, and Edith searching for Harold, with her yellow hair all tied with pearls and her veil bound back with jewels, so that she could see; the only jewels I'd ever laid eyes on then were mother's cameo earrings, but they were splendor enough for me. And Saint Elizabeth with her market-basket, and Godfrey of Bouillon, and Henry the Lion, in his sack-cloth, with ashes in his hair, and the

purpling cuts showing on his back and his arms! Not to mention Brunhild, and Alaric, and St. Francis with birds fluttering on his shoulders and popping out of his sleeves and his pockets, like a sleight-of-hand man! Oh! they were a great crowd, I tell you what!"

"And it's just the same?"

"Only through the wrong end of the opera-glass," he answered, with a rueful grin. "I know I learned to swim in that brook, all right, but it wouldn't hold a muskrat now. The whole interval wouldn't be big enough for Rebecca's mule to turn round in, I don't believe. But it was big enough to dream in."

He strolled away, kicking the dry leaves as he went, and stooping to pull the clovers with dexterous pinches, which brought them up full-stalked, clear of the soil. "I'll be back in a jiff," he called, turning to meet her eye. "I just want to make sure of it that it's all here!"

Harriet sat down beside a clump of sweet-fern. So this was his Enchanted Forest! And even years and wider, fairer sights could never rob it of its joy for him.

A clump of straggling trees; a splash of running water; a dappled field. From these rude playthings what had he not built up? The love for wild, free, innocent things which had fed the springs of joy within him through grim disappointment and heart-sickenening care; the delight of giving, even as they gave, his trees, his wild flowers, freely, happily; the spirit, the content, the faith, which framed his House of Life. And what had they won in return?

Ah! could his youth lie buried here, deep in leaf and anemone? The youth of the man whose manhood years alone were hers? Jealous, he had said? Perhaps. Never of the love that was hers to-day, secure as her own breath. But for her love of twenty years ago, the silent boy, shy, moody, whimsical, living his mystic days with the trees and the visions of his lone, wistful dream. Surely the wood and the brook had been first in his heart. Foolish she was, perhaps grasping, covetous, she told herself in sharp reproof. Yet the awful mother-hunger of the mother denied rose upon her, a whelming wave.

"The boy's mine!" She spoke through

fierce tears. "You had his childhood, you made him happy enough. But he's mine now. And I have his youth too. He brought it to me, all, everything. He's just as much my boy as if he had come to me then, a little fellow, back here in the woods. You had so much then! You needn't begrudge me my share to-day."

She beat back her tears and leaned forward, watching the tall, stooped figure as he wandered down the slope, her eyes all tender shadow. How could she reproach this place beloved, when it had granted to her the things she loved most in him? His hope and gladness; his courage; his sweet-hearted trust. How could she begrudge his forest its ancient charm which it had shared with him, eternal youth? The youth which he had brought to her, most precious of all dowers?

"Come on, Sis, you're tired. Let's go back. You're a good girl to come, Harry. I thought first I wouldn't ask it; but the place wouldn't have been the place at all, if you hadn't been along."

For the moment, Harriet's own wonder-sight failed her.

"Why?"

Tom laughed out, shamefaced, exultant. "You're always asking a fellow such confounded personal questions! And I'd think you'd have eyes enough to see it for yourself, for that matter. What sort of fun would this place be with the dreams cut out? Because—because you—the girl you were going to be—you were all of it, the whole thing. By the time I'd leave out Edith and Rebecca and Saint Elizabeth and Brunhild and Una—do you suppose these sticks and grass would be worth coming to see?"

Civic Art¹

THE latest step in the course of civic evolution is civic art. As the author of this admirable book justly says, the flowering of great cities into beauty is the sure and ultimate phase of a progressive development. The adornment lavished upon Venice, Florence, and the minor cities of Italy, and again upon the Flemish cities, represented not weakness but virility and rich abundance of those qualities of mind and heart which expressed themselves in the Southern and Northern Renaissance.

The focal points of the city are, according to Mr. Robinson, its water approach, its land approach, and its administrative center. As to the first, in its miles of wooden docks and pier-heads, in the meanness of its long water-front streets, New York, like most American seaports, teaches what should not be done. The land approach, says Mr. Robinson pertinently, has had in the past a worthier treatment than the approach by water, because, when the cities were walled, it was necessary to make a special and formal provision for the land entrance.

Our author's divisions of the city proper

are, naturally, those of the business and residential quarters. He informs us with much illumination as to the first—its proper street plan, its architecture and furnishings; as to the latter, its great avenues, minor streets, and tenements; finally, we have many a valuable hint as to the distribution, location, and development of parks.

Of prerequisites to progress, the most potent is the extension of cities over a greater area. That means cheap, swift, and frequent urban transit. Only then shall we be delivered from the evils of the tenement. Secondly, in an age of enlightenment, wealth really does make for art. Finally, engineering, upon which the æsthetic aspect of cities so largely depends, differs from pure art in that it need not be the child of inspiration: it is an exact science, and as such wealth can buy it. Mr. Robinson does not fail to show that the modern city is indebted, not merely for comfort, but also for dignity and beauty, to recent inventions—electric light and transportation, garbage disposal, asphalt pavements, water distribution, smoke-consumers. These things must materially affect the five hundred and forty-five American communities which contain more than a third of our total population.

¹ *Modern Civic Art, or the City Made Beautiful.* By Charles Mulford Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

While civic æsthetics seems to be an unheard-of quantity at the beginning of urban drift, it is not so among cities of about thirty thousand inhabitants. As a rule, they represent a distinct stage in development. A next step is observed when the town is large enough and citizens energetic enough to lay out a park and to plan other improvements, misguided as the efforts of the citizens may be in their grasp of the opportunities offered to untrained individualism. Finally comes the realization of the need of artistic guidance—a something more than mere impulse and wealth. In order to fill this need the plan may be to elect, as administrative officers of the city, persons whose education, culture, and refinement, as well as their executive ability and business sagacity, are a guarantee that the right things will be done and done well; or, to summon to the service of the municipality in an advisory capacity the best experts and artists of the city. In our own country, adds Mr. Robinson, where

the effort has included the appointment of art commissions, the banding together of cities in leagues, the association for the public good of artists and architects, and an immense amount of effort by popular improvement societies—with the usurpation by them of critical functions—the tendency is towards co-operation and federation, to the end that there may be involved so precise a science of city-building that henceforth no community need be ugly.

Mr. Robinson takes us step by step through this book, instructing helpfully as he goes along in the many and diverse ways by which a city may be redeemed from unloveliness to beauty, and closes by defining civic art as “the adjustment of the city to its city needs so fittingly that life will be made easier for a vast and growing portion of mankind, and the bringing into it of that beauty which is the continual need and rightful heritage of men—and which has been their persistent dream.”

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked “net.”

As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect, A.D. 54. Introduction, Afterwords, and Notes by Joseph Jacobs. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 30 pages. \$1.25.

This imaginary account of the life of Jesus from the point of view of a Jewish contemporary, first published anonymously in 1895, is here reprinted with the author's name and with notes giving the sources from which are drawn statements concerning Jesus not to be found in the Gospels.

Birds in their Relations to Man: A Manual of Economic Ornithology for the United States and Canada. By Clarence M. Weed, D.Sc., and Ned Dearborn, D.Sc. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 380 pages. \$2.50, net.

Even in these days when nature study is so common that books on animal and vegetable life are in every hand, a thick volume whose sub-title proclaims it “a manual of economic ornithology” may well at first sight seem to the lay reader too formidable for his undertaking. But should this first impression be put aside and the book opened, he will be in a position to add one more indorsement to the familiar aphorism on the deceitfulness of appearances; for a less technical and more interesting book on the subject would be hard to find. The joint authors are men of scien-

tific standing and attainments, but they have not made this oppressive to the reader. In their discussion of the relation of birds to agriculture they give simple and entertaining facts and not too many statistical figures, dwelling chiefly on the services performed by birds as destroyers of insect life, consumers of the seeds of weeds, etc. In connection with their mention of the eleven hundred and twenty-four species found in this country north of Mexico, they have a good word for almost every one of the feathered tribe. Even the hawk and the owl and the crow they say have been maligned, and do not deserve their evil reputation. But for the poor little English sparrow they have no mercy, approving heartily even the cruel war of extermination waged against him in so many localities. Usually they suggest more humane means to prevent the depredations of birds, and have devoted a chapter to the subject. They give also special chapters on the conservation of birds, their protection and encouragement, and advocate the strenuous administration of game laws, although they appear to sympathize with the pleasures of what they consider “legitimate” sport. The book is, of course, abundantly illustrated, chiefly from photographs by the authors.

Hints to Golfers. By Niblick. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. (Sixth Edition.) 5×8½ in. 147 pages. \$1.25, net.

This unique volume will be helpful alike to the beginner at golf and to the seasoned player. Its value lies largely in its simplicity. The author points out briefly the faults to be avoided, and, with the aid of excellent illustrations and diagrams, gives sound advice as to the perfecting of one's game. Special emphasis is laid upon the fact that golf is the game of all games into which enters the mental as well as the physical make-up of the player. The book as a whole is to be heartily commended.

Cumulative Index to a Selected List of Periodicals, Authors, Subjects, Titles, Reviews, Portraits, Illustrations, Maps. Fourth Annual Volume, 1899. Edited and Published by the Cumulative Index Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 8×11 in. 381 pages.

Dowager Countess and the American Girl (The). By Lillian Bell. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. \$1.25.

A lively story of a social combat between an American girl and her English mother-in-law. There are passages which are distinctly offensive to all readers of taste.

Dramatic Criticism: Three Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution, February, 1903. By A. B. Walkley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 125 pages. \$1.50, net.

Early Mackinac: An Historical and Descriptive Sketch. By Meade C. Williams. (Fourth Edition.) The Presbyterian Book Store, 1516 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. 85c.

Florence: Her History and Art to the Fall of the Republic. By Francis A. Hyett, B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 600 pages. \$2.50, net.

It is rather singular that, with all the books which have been written about Florence, there has not seemed heretofore to be available a single volume of moderate compass which covers the political and art history of the place satisfactorily and in a really orderly arrangement. The little book of Mr. Gardner's, recently published, is capital, but is quite limited in scope. Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," in many ways an admirable and useful book, is planned in such a manner as to make the historical narrative disjointed. Professor Villari's great book is too elaborate for ordinary readers, and the same may be said of Napier's "Florentine History." The present author has succeeded admirably in so disentangling the political intrigues and partisan faction fights in Florentine history as to make it easy for the average reader to follow the story intelligently. He has also given due proportion of attention to the literary and art history of Florence, taking each period by itself and in close conjunction with the political history. While the style of the book cannot be called brilliant or dramatic, it is clear, and holds the attention fairly well. The book may be cordially commended to the historical student.

Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ (The). By Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu. Jennings & Pye, New York. 4½×7 in. 168 pages. 50c.

History of France (The). By Arthur Hassall, M.A. (The Temple Primers.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 246 pages. 40c.

To his other valuable volumes Mr. Arthur Hassall has now added a small "History of France," which should appeal to students, since, so far as we know, it is the first work of the kind to cover French history to the present date. Its value, however, is as a book of reference rather than a connected history. The necessity of condensation into the narrow limits of the little volumes of this series has played havoc with the description. Mr. Hassall has not been able to give more than the barest outline of the great movements which have made French history notable; for example, he has but *six pages* to discover the events from Napoleon's fall to M. Loubet's election! However, for the kind of book which this must perforce be, it is doubtful whether it could have been done better by M. Lavissee, M. Rambaud, or any other author of the admirable short histories of France now in use in the public schools of that country.

In Quest of the Quaint. By Eliza B. Chase. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 253 pages. \$1.50.

A half-dozen or so sketches of travel through the picturesque region of the lower St. Lawrence, introducing pleasantly many quaint legends and chansons of the French-Canadian habitant and voyageur. The illustrations are from water-color and pencil drawings by the author, and a convenient index is placed at the back of the book.

Japanese Garland (A). By Florence Peltier. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 201 pages. 75c., net.

A Japanese lad who is being educated in this country is supposed to tell to his schoolmates during their hours of recreation these folk-lore tales of his own land. It is a slight criticism that occasionally the language put into Yone's mouth sounds somewhat mature for a boy of twelve.

Laos of North Siam (The). By Lillian Johnson Curtis. Illustrated. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 338 pages. \$1.25, net.

This account of a little-known people by one who has spent many years as a missionary among them is religious in tone, and obviously written with a serious purpose. But for all that it is an entertaining book; the chapter on folk-lore and the curious burial customs of the country are especially interesting.

Letters to M. G. and H. G. By John Ruskin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 149 pages. \$1.25, net.

These letters show Ruskin in his most sentimental condition. To Mary Gladstone he writes, for instance: "My dear M—, You were a perfect little mother to me last night. I didn't feel safe a moment except when I was close to you." He is in somewhat the same frame of mind when he speaks of art or social conditions. Even his pessimism is sentimental. Gladstone and Ruskin are shown in effective contrast. It is interesting to note a passage concerning Ruskin, quoted from an old journal, in which it is said of "all vile, dark, hateful

things" that "they are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, non-entities. 'God is—and there *is none else* beside Him.'" This has come to have a familiar sound in these days of science and health with key to the Scriptures.

Life and Letters of Charles Butler. By Francis Hovey Stoddard. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 357 pages. \$3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Lions of the Lord (The). By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 520 pages. \$1.50.

A novel with Brigham Young in it may safely be pronounced unusual. But Mr. Wilson's book is by much more than this fact removed from the commonplace. It holds in unique combination an absorbing story, a keen psychological study, and an animated historical chronicle of the establishment of the Mormon Church.

Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-1846. Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 228 pages. \$1.35, net.

That one who guarded as scrupulously as did Margaret Fuller the many confidences reposed in her should have these personal, intimate letters of hers given to the public seems singularly inappropriate. That they were written, not to him who became her husband, but to a friend she met while living in the home of Horace Greeley, before her visit to Europe, only increases the infringement on her private life. And yet, with both correspondents long years dead, the letters themselves might well tempt to publication, so full are they of personal revelation, so charged with sympathy and tenderness, so overflowing with delicacy of fancy and feeling and with spiritual intuition. While written only for the eye of one beloved friend, they contain nothing that men and angels might not read. No word is given, of course, of any of the replies received from her correspondent, and his nature can be but conjectured from the trust and affection with which Margaret Fuller addresses him. "You are noble; I have elected to abide by you. . . . You have been to me as sunshine and green woods," she writes, and asks a blessing on "the true heart that consoles me for the littleness I must see in my race elsewhere." Why he did not win the hand of the woman whose heart was tuned to his is not revealed, though ground for many a surmise is given by hint and reference within the letters. Beneath all the exquisite beauty that clothes the thoughts suggested to her lover, the letters plainly show how warm and responsive a heart beat in the woman who, in an age when her sisters were cribbed and confined, stood a strong intellectual power that pierced and saw and was not afraid to speak. "I never had these feelings at all toward any other," she writes, this woman of whom Emerson said that "all the art, the thought, and the nobleness of New England seemed at the moment related to her, and she to it." Rich in friendship as she was, until she met the Marquis of Ossoli no other nature save this had awakened in her that life that reveals both

self and all other worlds, and as interpreters of such an awakening these letters have the charm of romance and the satisfyingness of reality.

Mara. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 341 pages. \$1.50.

More than one generation of girl readers have welcomed the "Pansy" books, so Mrs. Alden is sure of her audience. This time her lesson in the guise of fiction (wherein she introduces four young women separating at the end of their school days, and follows them thereafter through three hundred odd pages), is on the sacrament of matrimony. It is also an arraignment of Mormonism and the National Government for responsibility in its continuance in this country.

Mrs. Pendleton's Four in Hand. By Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 89 pages. 50c.

A very "light-weight" short story of the kind thought by some people desirable for summer reading.

Norwegian By-Ways. By Charles W. Wood. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 384 pages. \$2.

Mr. Wood's "Norwegian By-Ways" is of the same charming and gossipy order as his books on Spain and Southern France. As in those, this volume is full of vivacious dialogue, which accords well with the author's lively and entertaining descriptions of scenery. His light touch reproduces for us scenes which we may have witnessed ourselves, and others which, through his words, we long to see. Norway is a solemn land, but Mr. Wood has brightened the picture with high lights here and there. Nor are they out of place on his canvas.

Our Feathered Game: A Handbook of the North American Game Birds. By Dwight W. Huntington. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 428 pages.

One's attention is first attracted in this book by the half-dozen or more really charming color pictures of shooting scenes. When the book is read, it becomes evident that Mr. Huntington is entitled to the credit of being able to narrate the story of his own hunting expeditions after wild turkey, grouse, partridges, ducks, and other of our game birds in such a way as to interest even the non-sporting reader. This is really high praise, and it is not often that it can be given to a book of this sort. Sportsmen will find in it, not only these interesting narratives, but also very sensible and practical suggestions in regard to the sport, while an appendix contains well-arranged scientific information for the naturalist.

Out of Kishineff: The Duty of the American People to the Russian Jew. By W. C. Stiles, B.D. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. \$1.20, net.

In a spirit of enterprise and to take advantage of the immediate timeliness, this book has been prepared apparently with some haste. Nevertheless, it contains a great deal of information on the conditions of the Jewish people in Russia, and the duty of the American people as it

appears to the author. A little more reserve in the writing would really have made the book more forcible and effective. An account of the recent massacre is included, and, in addition to chapters on the character and life of the Jews in Russia, the author discusses their position in New York, the general subject of Jewish immigration to America, and the international principles involved or violated.

Out of the Past: Some Biographical Essays.

By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. In 2 vols. 5×7½ in. \$5, net, a set.

These two volumes of essays are largely (but not entirely, as might be judged from the subtitle) biographical in character. The papers were obviously written for publication in English reviews, and have little in the way of a thread of common interest to bind them together. Among the biographical sketches, those most notable relate to Walter Bagehot, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and Cobden. The author is always cautious and conservative in expressing his opinion, but he is very happy in reproducing the atmosphere and personal surroundings which belong to his subject. Among the non-biographical topics treated are some so far removed in character as accounts of visits to Niagara and Palestine on the one hand, and treatises on religious liberty, Parliamentary reforms, and money on the other.

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Color Paintings, Pastels, etc.
Edited by Charles Holme. Parts VI. and VII. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. Complete in 8 parts. Each \$1, net.

One of the most instructive essays that have appeared in this series is A. L. Baldry's "The Development and Practice of Pastel Painting," which forms the text-matter of Part VI., and the most pleasing illustration of the number is a delicately colored drawing by Bernard Partridge entitled "Spring." Other reproductions are an etching by A. Lepère, oil paintings by Arnesley Brown and George Clausen, an auto-lithograph by Steinlen, and a water-color on silk by Charles Couder. To Part VII. Mr. Baldry also contributes an article on "Monotyping in Color," and the pictures are oil paintings by G. F. Watts, J. F. Raffaelli, and Bertram Priestman, an etching by A. Legros, a pencil drawing by P. Dupont, and a water-color by Gaston La Touche. This collection will be completed with the eighth installment, and a handsome portfolio is furnished in which the parts may be kept.

Reveling Addresses. By R. A. Torrey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 271 pages. \$1, net.

Selections from Homer's Iliad. Edited by Allen Rogers Benner. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 522 pages. \$1.60.

Short History of Christianity (A). By John Horsch. Published by the Author, 107 University St., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 304 pages. \$1, net. This is a concise and plain narrative, interested rather in real Christianity than in churchly organization or doctrine, and in special sympathy with independent as distinguished from

established or State churches. In this it goes so far as to prefer Carlstadt to Luther. The long-misrepresented Anabaptists of the Reformation period are treated with at least full appreciation.

Thompson's Progress. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in.

If lively invention, rapid movement, and brisk dialogue can make a story popular, Mr. Hyne's novel must score a success. It is a distinct advance on his "Captain Kettle" tales, although, like them, it cares little for probabilities so long as the reader's curiosity is aroused, his attention held, and temporary entertainment is supplied to him. The Thompson whose Progress brings him somewhat too swiftly from being a nameless poacher lad, Tom's Son, to the position of a millionaire, financier, and political power, with a peerage impending, is a wonderful chap, and it is to Mr. Hyne's credit that one does, at least while reading, partly believe in him. There are some really delightful chapters about Tom's poaching experiences—he loves the fine art of poaching so well that he continues his nefarious acts after he is a rich man, and even secretly poaches his own estates, offering his keepers a reward for his own capture. The kind of interest this book excites—and we fancy very few people will leave it half-read—is something like that aroused by Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" or Sir Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes;" one must not take it too seriously, but it is decidedly amusing and clever.

'Twixt God and Mammon. By William Edwards Tirebuck. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. \$1.50.

The Reverend Gomer Deen is a Ritualist curate and afterward a vicar of the Church of England, who succumbs to doubt and temptation and makes a worldly marriage, finally ending his life with a poisoned draught at the communion-table of his own church. Despite this lurid situation and three other sudden deaths, the book is not altogether sensational. It is chiefly a skillful portrayal of spiritual conflict. The Welsh scenes and characters are also admirably done, with the single exception of Joy Probart, who seems to us as exaggerated a type of virtue as is Miss Abercromby Moore of worldliness. The book is prefaced by a memoir and appreciation of the author by Hall Caine, who was his lifelong friend.

Unfrequented Paths: Songs of Nature, Labor, and Men. By George E. McNeill. Illustrated. The James H. West Co., Boston. 6×8½ in. 115 pages. \$1.50.

Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch (The). By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 191 pages. \$1.25.

This is a sad little story of defrauded mother-love, and it seems very real. Mrs. Hatch is the name assumed by a divorced wife, the penalty of whose wrong-doing has been disproportionately great. But her story ends more happily than is often the case with the Mrs. Hatches of real life.

Vedanta Philosophy: Divine Heritage of Man. By Swami Abhedananda. The Vedanta Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 215 pages. \$1.

RHEUMATISM

Tartarlithine

gives better results than any other remedy for Rheumatism. The promptness of its action is in many cases astonishing. Does not affect the heart nor irritate the stomach.

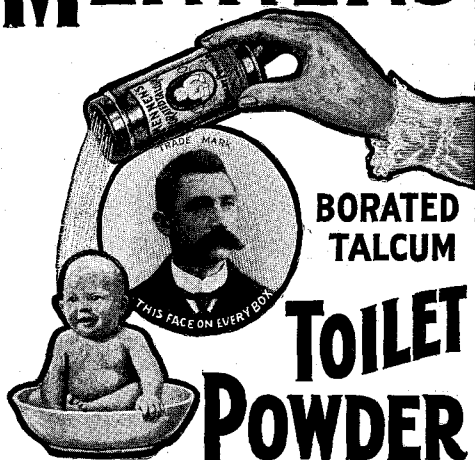
Prescribed and endorsed by the leading physicians of the country.

Ask your Doctor about it

Free Sample and our booklet on the cure of Rheumatism sent on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
97 FULTON STREET NEW YORK
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

MENNEN'S



**BORATED
TALCUM**

TOILET POWDER

DELICHTFUL AFTER BATHING; A LUXURY AFTER SHAVING

Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered and perspiring feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. **AVOID IMITATIONS.** (Sample free).

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Something
New

Mennen's Violet Talcum

Something
Exquisite



NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
WATERPROOF

LIQUID COURT PLASTER

Heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch, or scrape their skin. "NEW-SKIN" will heal these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "NEW-SKIN" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

Pocket Size (Size of Illustration) . . . 10c.
Family Size . . . 25c.
2 oz. Botts. (for Surgeons and Hospitals) 50c.

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co.
Dept. E
107 Fulton St., New York



New England Watches
Lead the World
in diversity of styles and in quantity of production

LADIES'

Watch Novelties for Wearing at the Belt

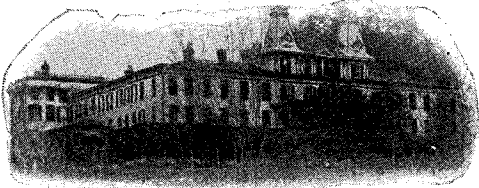
Various styles are produced for summer wear, typical of all sports. Stylish and elegant designs. Belt Booklet sent on application.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.

Offices: New York City, 37 & 39 Maiden Lane.
Chicago, 131-137 Wabash Avenue.
San Francisco, Claus Spreckles Building.

NORDRACH

A Place of Rest in Southern Catskills. Pure air and water. Receives those suffering from Insomnia, Malassimilation, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and Gout. Vapor, Sprague, Nauheim, Hot Air, Electric, and Mineral Baths, milk diet, and Weir Mitchell method.



Pool, Billiards, Bowling, and Tennis. From three to four pounds a week are gained by Nordrach methods.

Write to Dr. A. Judson Benedict, Medical Director, for information and pamphlet. Box 220.

"THE NORDRACH," Phoenicia, Ulster Co., New York

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



"So Easy to Use."

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TODAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLIMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

[Mention this magazine]



THE TARRANT CO.,
21 Jay St., New York.

Cures
Prickly Heat

Cools the Blood.
Cleanses the Stomach.

"It's good for children too"

50c. and \$1.00
At Druggists or by mail.

TO INVESTORS

Money invested in Sheep and Cattle in Montana is safe and pays 30 per cent. Small investment now grows into a large flock in a few years. Over 300 Men, Women, and Children now have Cattle and Sheep on our Ranches. Write for Annual Report, a most interesting document. MONTANA CO-OPERATIVE RANCH CO., • • Great Falls, Montana

HAY FEVER and ASTHMA

cured to stay cured. Never return. A radical departure. Cause eliminated. Constitution changed. Nerves reconstructed. Splendid health. Over 52,000 FREE patients. Good references. ("Reliefs," or change of climate, cannot cure.) Write for BOOK 21 A, FREE, containing reports of many interesting cases. Address DR. HAYES, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Individual Communion Cups

Send for FREE catalogue and list of 2,000 churches now using our cups.

Sanitary Communion Outfit Co., Dept. 4, Rochester, N.Y.

Remington Typewriter

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE, ALWAYS.

337 Broadway, New York.

From Grieg to Brahms

Studies of Some Modern Composers and their Art

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Second Edition. \$1.50 net (postage 11 cents)

From the London Spectator

"What chiefly strikes the reader in these studies is the prevailing sanity of the writer. His estimates . . . are undisfigured by gush or preciosity. We are, perhaps, too near any of these [composers] to expect finality in any of his judgments, but we have nowhere encountered in contemporary criticism a more terse or lucid summary of their dominant characteristics, or a more easily intelligible attempt to relate them to the general evolution of the art."

From the New York Times Saturday Review

"It is a pleasure to meet with a discussion of musical subjects so clear, so sane, so thoughtful, and so independent. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that his book, charming in literary style, rich and suggestive in expression as it is acute in judgment and ample in knowledge, ought to be ranked among the best of recent contributions to the higher forms of musical criticism."

A copy will be sent on approval on receipt of a postal card order

THE OUTLOOK CO., 287 Fourth Ave., New York

KEEP a file of The Outlook. A handsome Binder in jade green cloth, with gilt side stamp, will be sent postpaid on receipt of FORTY CENTS, by The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., Ltd., of Toronto, have the exclusive agency in Canada for the books published by the Outlook Company.

The Deeps of Deliverance

By FREDERIK VAN EEDEN. Trans. by Margaret Robinson 12°. (By mail \$1.35). Net \$1.20.

"A masterly study of a woman's nature."—Cleveland Leader.

LOANED FREE

32-page pamphlets of new and suitable Sacred Songs for Can Meetings and evangelistic services.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago

DISTINCTIVELY

a S. S. Book **GEMS OF SONG** 80c. postpaid.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

Mr. HENRY L. ENLOE, Woburn, Ill., March 26, 1899, writes I have used the Strength-Giver, Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, in my family for seventeen years, and can recommend it as THE BEST TONIC AND WORM MEDICINE ON EARTH. Cure the Colds that come in a night with JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.